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A VISION OF LIFE.

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

DAYS come and days go by,
 Gliding so fast that one
 Into another almost seems to run,
 And Thursday dawns ere Wednesday is nigh;
 One precious leaf each plucking from the tree
 Of life allotted me.

Through the thinn'd boughs atop
 Looks in the naked blue;
 The flowers all fall'n, and scanty fruit in view,
 Sweet-ripe as yet, or set for future crop,
 And at the root the hidden worm I know
 Miming to lay it low.

Ah tree, that once in youth,
 When hope was green and high,
 Dreamt its large leafy head would touch the
 sky,
 Its roots all matted round the central truth!
 How poor, by that vast visionary tree,
 Looks the small shrub I see!

Not rooted in pure truth,
 But in some shifting soil,
 Where error and appearance mock our toil,
 Till freezing Age seats the bold eyes of Youth,
 Saying, "*Look here! for all thy force and glow,
 Thou canst no farther go.*"

Yet, though the leaves may fall,
 The life-sap is not shrunk,
 But gathers strength deep in the knotted trunk,
 And, losing part, has more than having all;
 Condensed within itself to meet the stress
 Of age with cheerfulness.

And for the dreams of youth
 Come larger aims, that bear
 Elsewhere their fruit, their crown expect else-
 where,
 In amaranth meadows of immortal truth,
 Where the sun sets not all our night below
 O'er flowers of golden glow:

Unfading leaves, and eyes
 Wiped from all human tears;
 Soft gliding of the years that are not years,
 Eternal spaces:—not like those our sighs
 Note as they pass, while, fast as bubbles fly,
 Days come and days go by.

People's Magazine.

THE RING.

Av, gaze on it, touch it, it is the ring
 I used to treasure so.
 The self-same stones were glistening,
 When you taught me their speech to know;
 To find Faith in the sapphire's deepening blue,
 And Hope in the ruby's sanguine hue,
 And the diamond flashed affection true,
 In the lore learnt long ago.

Had not the teacher an empire strange,
 The lesson a magic might,
 That thus I remember through wrong and
 change,
 Through treachery, chill, and blight?
 Ah! the sapphire still glows, though faith is
 fled,

The ruby is blushing that hope is dead,
 And why, when the Love's last dirge is said,
 Should the diamond gleam so bright?

And has, indeed, no shadow past
 O'er the glittering toy you hold?
 The gems the same as you saw them last,
 The same the burnished gold,
 And yet you glance from it to me,
 As if the clue to a riddle to see;
 For how should the pledge on the finger be,
 When the heart to the troth is cold?

And that our love is cold, you know,
 Ay, cold as the touch of Death,
 And over its grave lies the smooth white snow,
 That melts not to passion's breath.
 Our moan is made, our tears are wept,
 So quick the dull grey mosses crept,
 We scarce could find it where it slept,
 When it perished of broken faith.

What, are the keen eyes dull or blind,
 That they ponder the puzzle yet?
 Can they not one silent token find,
 That duty has paid her debt?
 Ay, so; the god from his shrine is ta'en,
 Fond memory's plea was bootless pain.
 You look for the dark brown curl in vain,
 Once deep mid the jewels set.

Nay, hush man's proud impetuous thought,
 Man's jealous spirit quell;
 It was but with woe and folly fraught,
 Our wild youth's first love-spell.
 Let friendly hands clasp cordially,
 And friendly eyes meet fearlessly
 And friendly tones say earnestly,
 "So be it, it is well."

All The Year Round.

LOVE'S GIFTS.

THIS dark-brown curl you send me, dear,
 Shall save its freshness of to-day
 In gentle shrine, when year on year
 Have turn'd its former fellows gray.
 So shall your image in my breast
 With never-fading beauty rest.

What love hath once on love bestow'd,
 Translated in its dew of youth
 To some remote divine abode,
 Withdraws from risk of time's untruth.
 Keeping, we lose; but what we give
 Like to a piece of Heav'n doth live.

Athenæum.

W. A.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EXPLORATIONS. — PART II.

THE pleasure which we promised ourselves when recently concluding a paper on the Surveys of the Holy Land, we now realize, as there is an opportunity afforded of giving some account of the examination of the Sea of Galilee by the Engineer expedition. On the shores of this sea our Lord was "in His own country," for Nazareth is only about twenty miles from the part of the water nearest to it: the sea washes the district in which His youth and the greatest part of His manhood were passed; for He was only an occasional visitor to Jerusalem. A large proportion of the scenes depicted in the Gospels occurred on this lake or on its shores, or in the immediate neighbourhood of them. If the hills and valleys, and towns, and strands, and waters, and fields, and rocks of this favoured region could give their testimony, they would furnish tales on which millions of minds would hang with rapture; and the "many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written," would be made manifest for our edification. That wisdom of which we inherit but a few pages was being poured forth daily for years in the parts of Zebulon and Naphthali; those parables of which we know but a selection were narrated plentifully around the famous lake; that beneficence of which we long for further instances had here its chief exercise,—for it was in this region principally that our Lord "went about doing good." There cannot be a mile of ground here which is not a field of interest—not a village nor a highway but what we can believe to have received the impress of his feet, or have echoed to his voice. The construction, therefore, of an accurate map of the country, will be hailed universally with satisfaction, and the researches of the map-makers will, we are sure, be ardently followed.

The Sea of Galilee, or the Sea of Tiberias, or Lake of Gennesareth, is a sheet of water formed by the expansion of

the bed of the Jordan. It is about twelve and a quarter miles long from north to south, and at its broadest part six and three quarter miles wide from east to west. But its width is by no means regular, its shape being that of a pear or a leg of mutton, the broadest part toward the north, and the more projecting side toward the west, the eastern shore being by comparison straight, except near the lower end. It is full of fish. Its waters, thick and muddy at the extreme north, become clear and bright as they approach its narrow end; for Jordan, which flows into it a foul stream, leaves the lake a pure and sweet river. The surface is from 600 to 700 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The climate is genial in winter, and not excessively hot in summer. With shores that rise but gently, in most parts, from the basin, and whose colour is uniformly brown where seen above the foliage at their bases, the scenery would be tame were it not for the fine hills, including the snowy tops of Hermon, which can be seen all round through the transparent ether, and for the innumerable effects of light and shade. Shrubs and blossoms add to the beauty of the coasts, which vary continually, being sometimes backed by broad plains, showing at others the openings of long gorges, and elsewhere, especially to the north, being broken into many and charming bays. Volcanic action appears to be energetic: there are hot springs in the basin of the lake, and very serious earthquakes occur. Wild boar are to be found on a plain to the north-east.

Those who have formed a mental picture of this sea, so often recurring in sacred story—as who in childhood has not?—have, no doubt, imagined a water covered with ships and boats, resounding with the cries of sailors and fishermen, and flanked by many proud cities rich in merchandise and glorious to the sight. Alas for such visions! the cities and the men and the traffic *were* there, but they have disappeared so completely that the waters of the lake may be said to sleep amid a solitude. As for the famous cities, of most of them it cannot be said with certainty where they were, and this

survey now first begins to give us some reliable data for identifying their ruins : one or two remain, but not as cities ; small, dirty, Arab villages alone represent those busy towns, wherein were done "mighty works," such as would have overcome the sinful obduracy of Tyre and Sidon. Tiberias is there, on the west coast, rather below the centre of the lake. Its sea-wall, broken columns, towers, aqueducts, attest the glory of its ancient estate ; but the modern Tiberias is but a poor collection of houses, chiefly inhabited by Jews who have returned to Palestine. Its filth and vermin have become a proverb.* About four miles north of this, a heap of ruins, now named Mejdél, marks the site of that Magdala where Mary Magdalene had her home. North of this, again, is the plain of Gennesareth, an area of great beauty and fertility, along which, sad to say, are several heaps of rubbish, denoting, probably, the places of old towns and villages wherein our Lord taught. But there are other names more famous than those which we have mentioned ; one is impatient to hear of the proud Capernaum, of Chorazin, of Bethsaida. What report is there of these ? Well, there is so little positively to be said of them — rather there *was* so little positively to be said, for the surveyors have done much toward bringing them to life again — that where they stood is a question. Bold travellers and learned sages have essayed to establish the identity of this or that heap of rubbish with one or other of the cities ; each has been jealous for his own heap. There have been differences and controversies, and there would have been, for many a day, controversies destined to end in nothing, had not the surveyors, by subjecting each ruin and all its surroundings to rigid measurement, so that they may all be seen and judged of on the map at a glance, brought the different speculations to a test. We will not say what the many speculations have been, but state what seems most likely to be

the truth after the "unsentimental process of applying the chain and compass. A heap known as Tel Hum, nearly as extensive as the ruins of old Tiberias, is, in Captain Wilson's opinion, what remains of Capernaum. It is learned from Josephus that near to Capernaum was a celebrated fountain ; and a fountain apparently answering to his description has been found at Et Tabigah, a mile and a half from Tel Hum, and shown on the map. Moreover, it has been ascertained that Tel Hum is a larger ruin than any other on the sea-coast in that neighbourhood ; and it is a common opinion that Capernaum was of more importance than either of the other two cities, Bethsaida and Chorazin. A very old traveller has left it on record that Capernaum had no wall ; and Tel Hum must have been a long straggling city without a wall. It seems, too, that the name Tel Hum may be derived from Capernaum or Capharnaum. It is to be remarked, also, that there was a synagogue at Capernaum ; for we are told (John vi. 59) that our Lord taught therein : and the remains of a synagogue, which the explorers well knew how to distinguish from any other building, have been found at Tel Hum. Captain Wilson thinks that by turning over the ruins and examining beneath them, evidence might be found sufficient to set the question at rest. Speaking of our Lord's discourse in this synagogue, he says : "It was not without a certain strange feeling that on turning over a large block we found the pot of manna engraved on its face, and remembered the words 'I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead.'" There remains something yet to be said about this synagogue. It was told of the centurion whose servant was healed, "he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue" (Luke vii. 5). Now, if Tel Hum be Capernaum, as it probably is, the surveying party stood within the ruined walls of this very synagogue, many of the stones of which have been burned for lime, or taken away to be used in modern buildings.

About two and a half miles to the north of Tel Hum, and nearly the same

* That the king of the fleas holds his court at Tiberias, is, Captain Wilson tells us, an Arab proverb. Fleas must be rather plentiful where they are noticed by Arabs.

distance up a valley from the shore of the lake, is a ruin named Kerazeh. The name always suggested Chorazin; but travellers were unable to identify it with that city, because to their view the area of the ruins was very small. Here, however, the hard facts of the survey come to the aid of inquiring minds: the ruins look small, because at a hundred yards' distance the masonry here can hardly be distinguished from the surrounding rocks; but when carefully examined and tried by the chain, they are found to be by no means insignificant, but to indicate that the area of the city was nearly, if not quite, equal to that of Capernaum, if Capernaum is Tel Hum. At Kerazeh, also, the ruins of a synagogue have been found. Many of the dwelling-houses here are in a tolerably perfect state; and Captain Wilson, very reasonably supposing that these give a good idea of the kind of house in which our Saviour dwelt, writes a description of them which we quote:—

They are generally square, of different sizes—the largest measure was nearly 30 feet—and have one or two columns down the centre to support the roof, which appears to have been flat, as in the modern Arab houses. The walls are about two feet thick, built of masonry or of loose blocks of basalt. There is a low doorway in the centre of one of the walls, and each house has windows twelve inches high and six and a half inches wide. In one or two cases the houses were divided into four chambers.

Traces of the main road which led out of the city towards Damascus have been discovered. The city would have been in sight from the water at the same time as that at Tel Hum. So, the fact of its magnitude having been brought to light, there is no reason why we should object to Kerazeh as the modern form of Chorazin. Indeed, Captain Wilson has no doubt about their being the same; but he would be glad to have his conviction tried by the results of subterranean examinations.

Here we take occasion to state, that for the light thrown on these important points—to wit, the sites of Capernaum and Chorazin—we are indebted to the

survey, which by fixing the fountain in the one place, and ascertaining the true site of the ruins in the other, cleared up the prospect. And we ought to add that Captain Wilson more than once notices the assistance which he received from the Sinaitic and Vatican MSS., and the Tauchnitz edition of the New Testament, which, by a slight difference with the authorized version, make the passages of our Lord and His disciples over the water, and some circumstances of time and place, harmonize completely with the sites which he ascribes to the cities, while in the same accounts our version would perplex a little.

The information given concerning Bethsaida is not very precise; neither does Captain Wilson himself appear to be firmly convinced, although on the whole, he inclines to place the city at Khan Minyeh, a ruin on a cliff overhanging the lake, two and a half miles south of Tel Hum. But it is still matter of dispute whether there were two Bethsaidas or only one. Many, looking at the descriptions of Josephus and at the requirements of Scripture, decide that there must have been two—viz., Bethsaida in Galilee, and Bethsaida Julias, on the eastward of the Jordan, near where the river enters the lake. Bethsaida Julias was promoted from being a village to being a city by Philip the Tetrarch, who gave it its second name after the Emperor's daughter, and who there prepared himself a tomb in which he was buried. But the notices of Bethsaida in the Scripture would seem to require a place of that name on the west shore of the lake also. Very likely the wording of the Gospels would bear an interpretation which would dispense with a second Bethsaida, and in that case no further search in Galilee would be necessary. If there were a second, it no doubt stood on, or not far withdrawn from, the coast-line (five miles long) from Khan Minyeh to the flowing in of the Jordan.

On a bend of the river a little way above the lake is Et Tel, a ruin which has traditionally been identified with Bethsaida Julias; but our surveyors, after examining this "heap" with their

usual care, are of opinion that the remains are those of a place not sufficiently magnificent to answer to the city of Philip. One-third of the way down the east coast of the sea, and nearly opposite to Magdala, is a ruin enclosed by a wall three feet thick, and named Khersa. This Captain Wilson, agreeing with some former travellers, decided to be Gergesa, the place where our Lord delivered the two demoniacs, and where He permitted the devils whom He had cast out to go into the herd of swine. Close to Gergesa the coast becomes suddenly steep; and this, no doubt, is the place where the swine ran down into the sea. A view of the maps, too, helps to smooth away an apparent discrepancy in the Gospels. Two of the evangelists say that the miracle was wrought in the country of the Gadarenes; but Captain Wilson shows that if the miracle had been wrought at Gadara, the swine would have had a gallop of two miles after rushing down the steep before they got to the sea; and he suggests, either that Gergesa was subject to Gadara, and might therefore properly be said to be in the country of the Gadarenes, or else that "Gadarenes" has been written in MSS. of Mark and Luke for "Gergesenes," which latter is the name given in Mathew. That the scene of the story was on the eastern side of the lake there can be no doubt; because our Lord, when the inhabitants besought Him to depart out of their coasts, entered into a ship, and passed over and came into His own city, which was on the west. From three to four miles south of Khersa, on the plateau of a hill, and a mile or more from the coast, are the walls of Gamala, once a fortified city, the inhabitants of which were all massacred when the Romans took it. The city of Gadara lies about five miles south-east of the most southern point of the lake. The remains here appear to be more numerous and better preserved than those of any other city on these coasts. Its theatres—one of them very perfect—are yet to be seen; and its cemetery, containing rock-hewn tombs and sarcophagi, is a remarkable place. The tombs are now Arab dwelling-places. Close to where the Jordan flows out of the lake is Kerak, the remains of the city Tarichæa.

Four miles due west of a point on the coast midway between Magdala and Tiberias, is the village of Hattin, and near it a curious two-peaked mountain, known as the "Horns of Hattin." This was the

field of a battle very fatal to the Crusaders in 1187. They lost the cross, and suffered most severely; and the King of Jerusalem was taken prisoner by Saladin. This was a little before Cœur de Lion appeared on the scene. But the Horns of Hattin have a claim to our regard higher than a fight between Crusaders and Moslems can give. This hill is traditionally known as the "Mount of Beatitudes," where the great precepts of Christianity were first propounded in a gentle discourse to a multitude, not as the Jewish law had been given in clouds and thunder from Sinai. We cannot hope to be ever positively certain as to where the Sermon on the Mount was preached, but our surveyors say that the Horns of Hattin affords a situation admirably fitted for its delivery.

There has been much controversy concerning the place where the miraculous feeding of the five thousand took place. Tradition puts it on the west coast; and this has been the chief cause of the supposition that there was a second Bethsaida in Galilee, because St. Luke says that it was in a desert place belonging to Bethsaida; while St. Mark states that after the miracle the disciples went on before to Bethsaida. Either, therefore, there must have been two Bethsaiidas, or an error has somewhere crept into the accounts. Now it is interesting to learn from Captain Wilson that in the Sinaitic version of St. Luke, the words "belonging to Bethsaida" do not occur. So, if this version be accepted as the right one, the miracle may have been performed on the west coast, in the neighbourhood of the cities from which the multitude came out; and the return voyage of the disciples may have been directed on Bethsaida, although one Gospel says that they came to Gennesaret, and another that they went towards Capernaum: for these last may be reconciled. The disciples may have embarked to go to Bethsaida and yet have been obliged to land at an intermediate point, if they encountered difficulties. Now we know that a memorable storm overtook them on this voyage; and this may have obliged them to land at Capernaum, which if it be Tel Hum, is in the land of Gennesaret. We should add, too, that the Sinaitic version, as quoted by Captain Wilson, by a verbally small difference from the other versions, makes the place of the miracle to be near Tiberias, which would accord with the tradition above mentioned. We do not by any means regard this reasoning as conclusive; but, supposing it to be accepted,

then a fountain known as the "cold spring," on the coast between Tiberias and Magdala, or else a hillside a little to the west of this spring, and towards Hattin, is the spot.

The tempests on that sea are sudden, terrible, and short-lived. They would appear to have been very dangerous to such boats as were in use in the days of the apostles; for we find the followers of our Lord, fishermen as they were, greatly alarmed on these occasions. When their Master was asleep on board, and when they saw the figure walking on the water, they thought their lives in danger. Captain Wilson witnessed one of these treacherous tempests and has given a description of it, which perhaps we do well to quote:—

Sudden storms, such as those mentioned in the New Testament, are by no means uncommon; and I had a good opportunity of watching one of them from the ruins of Gamala, on the eastern hills. The morning was delightful; a gentle easterly breeze, and not a cloud in the sky to give warning of what was coming. Suddenly, about mid-day, there was a sound of distant thunder, and a small cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," was seen rising over the heights of Lubieh to the west. In a few moments the cloud appeared to spread; and heavy black masses came rolling down the hills towards the lake, completely obscuring Tabor and Hattin. At this moment the breeze died away, there were a few minutes of perfect calm, during which the sun shone out with intense power, and the surface of the lake was smooth and even as a mirror. Tiberias, Mejdcl, and other buildings stood out in sharp relief from the gloom behind; but they were soon lost sight of as the thunder-gust swept past them, and rapidly advancing across the lake, lifted the placid water into a bright sheet of foam: in another moment it reached the ruins, driving myself and companion to take refuge in a cistern, where, for nearly an hour, we were confined, listening to the rattling peals of thunder, and torrents of rain. The effect of half the lake in perfect rest, whilst the other half was in wild confusion, was extremely grand. It would have fared badly with any light craft caught in mid-lake by the storm; and we could not help thinking of that memorable occasion on which the storm is so graphically described as "coming down" upon the lake.

The new map gives great assistance to all who would clearly comprehend the events and their order, in the New Testament, and it should be in the hands of every Bible student. It, like the other maps of Palestine by the same hands, was not made without much toil, exposure, and risk; notwithstanding which, we trust that other maps in continuation may appear

before long. The officers of this expedition while examining the coasts of the Sea of Galilee, kept a boat,* having blankets and a tent on board, moving about with orders to meet them at night at certain fixed points; and in this way, notwithstanding the little help afforded them by the Turkish authorities, they managed to get pleasantly over their work. The Arab dwellers in tents they found for the most part friendly and hospitable; yet some of them appear to have been greatly startled at seeing two Franks in their midst without warning. Lieutenant Anderson, however, once experienced treatment of a rather hostile character. It was on the occasion of the storm, a description of which we quoted above. He had for a time left Captain Wilson, and was engaged at a village on the heights, where, when the storm broke, he was fain to seek shelter among the *fellahin*. These treated him well enough while he remained; but on his departure they followed him, and attempted to throw him down and rob him. Lieutenant Anderson managed to free himself for an instant, and to draw his revolver, the sight of which staggered his assailants; and he used the opportunity of their brief astonishment to get over the crest of a height, and so gain a start of them, which he maintained till he reached the sea. There were plenty of adventures, both on horseback and on foot; but the officers seem to have completely effected their object, evidently with satisfaction to themselves, and certainly with benefit to us. We are not aware that it was any part of their duty to give us their impressions concerning controverted points, to make clear the narrative of the Gospels, or to attempt to reconcile conflicting passages. We are, however, glad that they thought proper to perform these services: their discussions are always shrewd and unbiassed; they show that the subject had been well studied in books as well as on the ground; and their tone is such as every devout reader must approve.

We take our leave now of the Holy Land, to follow the track of another resolute and intelligent explorer, to whom the world is largely indebted. After thirty years of indifference to the subject, Europe is again waking up to the importance of forming a highway into British India by the Euphrates valley and the shore of

* There are now, it seems, but three boats on the lake.

the Persian Gulf. An iron road traversing the dominions which once belonged to Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar is, notwithstanding the inroads which science has been making on India and Egypt, and other lands which were famous when the world was young, still a startling idea. Till very lately, it might have been said of Babylonia and Mesopotamia and Assyria, that they had lost every link that could connect their present with their past. Egypt and India, obscure though their histories were and are in many places, yet had, and have, noble monuments to witness that they must have rejoiced in a grand past; but, of the countries through which the Tigris and Euphrates flow, it seemed as if the few notices which occur in sacred and profane accounts were the only vouchers that existed, or ever would exist, of the shadowy greatness of these realms. So completely had barbarism been re-established there by the Arabs — so shockingly desolate is the whole region — that we might have gone to measure it for its iron bands in profound ignorance of what manner of men they were who had aggrandized and adorned it, who had peopled it like bees, and who were a terror to their neighbours, having carried away captive men in nations. *Might*, we say; for it was ordained that, in the thirty years' interval between the former examination of the Euphrates valley and the practical design which seems now to be ripening towards fulfilment, the nineteenth century should become a little better acquainted with Semiramis and Sennacherib, and Esar-Haddon and Sardanapalus, and the people over whom they ruled, than preceding ages had been. A ransacking of heaps and mounds has brought to light un hoped-for treasures — undoubted remains of the cities thought for many ages to be entirely obliterated, and the sites of which no man could with certainty point out. We had some idea of where Babylon had stood; but as for Nineveh, it was a name, and nothing more. Opposite to, and below, the Turkish town of Mosul, the banks of the Tigris were studded with huge mounds, supposed to be formed of only earth and rubbish; and some of these were believed to occupy the site of Asshur's capital. But this was only a vague idea — an idea, too, which to all appearance it was too late to examine with a view to strengthening or extinguishing it; and so the world resigned itself to an inevitable ignorance. But fortunately there were one or two inquiring minds that re-

fused to accept this ignorance as irremediable until some effort should have been made to dispel it. Half a century since, a gentleman named Rich, who was travelling for his health, having visited Kurdistan, made the journey from Mosul to Baghdad. His suspicion that the numerous heaps would repay the expense and labour of examination was strengthened by an account received from the Arabs of a sculpture representing men and animals which had been dug out of one of them. Like good Mussulmans and utter barbarians, they had completely destroyed these figures, which their doctors decided to be idols of the infidels; but the tale encouraged Mr. Rich to examine some of the largest mounds. He found remains of buildings in places where the soil had been washed away by the rains, and he got out of the rubbish fragments of pottery, and some bricks bearing cuneiform characters. The little that he collected was placed in the British Museum; but so small was it, that a case three feet square enclosed all that we could boast of as the remains of Nineveh and Babylon; and it does not seem that other museums in Europe were richer, either in relics or information, than our own. Of Assyrian arts we knew literally nothing; of Assyrian history we had but a few scraps, telling of events to which, in some instances, we could not assign dates more precisely than within the limits of a thousand years or so, and concerning which, in other instances, we had no certainty that they had ever happened at all.

Twenty years after Mr. Rich's rather unproductive explorations, Mr. Austin Layard, another Englishman, happened to travel, or, as he calls it, to wander, in company with a friend, through Asia Minor and Syria. He could not resist an impulse which prompted him to cross into the desolate and dangerous region beyond the Euphrates, and to enter the shadow which hangs over Assyria, Babylonia, and Chaldaea. He journeyed eastward from Aleppo by Bir and Orfa, skirted the Kurdish hills on the route to Nisibin, and from Nisibin made his way to the Turkish town of Mosul on the Tigris. The place last named was thought to be the descendant of ancient Nineveh. On the bank of the river opposite to it were great mounds known as Kouyunjik and Nebbi Yunus, said to be the ruins of the mighty city; and up and down the river, at Khorsabad, Nimroud, and Kalah Shergat, were similar mounds. Buried in their own rubbish, and covered by the

mould of ages, the different ruins slept a sleep which gave no promise of a waking. The plough cut the soil above them; burying-grounds of the true believers were established in the superincumbent earth; Arab villages straggled over the ruins, no soul of their inhabitants knowing or heeding of the famous people who had trod the courts below, and whose only records were enclosed in the mounds. The conviction was strong in the mind of the traveller that these long-neglected heaps had secrets of inestimable value to disclose to that adventurous soul who should be worthy to penetrate their mysteries. Desire to essay the task at a more convenient season grew apace as in the clear air of the solitude his eye ranged through a vast expanse from mound to mound; and his respect for the sealed-up ruins, if it could not be increased, at least was quickened by the immediate recognition of Nimroud with its pyramidal mound, as that Larissa which Xenophon had described, and near to which the ten thousand Greeks had encamped twenty-two centuries before. It was even then an ancient city; and in what undisturbed obscurity must it have lain to make it possible for the Englishman of the nineteenth century to identify it at sight with that which was seen and written of by the old Greek! "These huge mounds of Assyria," says Mr. Layard, "made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thoughts and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec and the theatres of Ionia." His mind was fixed to examine thoroughly, whenever it might be in his power, these interesting remains.

The secret of Mr. Layard's future success lay in that word "thoroughly," which was evidently not a mere figure of speech with him. He might have rambled about and scratched at the mounds as others had done before him, without adding much to our knowledge or our collections; but what he undertook to do he would do thoroughly — *nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum*; and the scientific world has reason to rejoice that he was a man of this mettle. He was unable for a year or two to carry out his cherished design, but he endeavoured to impress upon others the importance of making the explorations, and the good hope there was of their being rewarded; and when he heard that M. Botta, who had been appointed by the French Government Consul at Mosul, was excavating in the mounds of Kouy-

unjik, he wrote to that gentleman encouraging him to persevere. M. Botta's enterprise does not, however, appear to have been quite sufficient for such a task. He worked at the heaps of Kouyunjik, but he failed to broach the casket which contained so much hid treasure; and but for an accident, his operations would probably have been fruitless to himself, and have discouraged others. He was not, however, destined to labour in vain. A peasant from Khorsabad happening to visit the excavations, told him that such things as he appeared to be seeking were frequently turned up in digging foundations or other trenches in the village to which he belonged. After being for a while unconvinced of the profitableness of seeking another field, M. Botta at length conceived better hope of the project, and commenced digging at Khorsabad. The peasant's advice proved fortunate. A shaft sunk in the mound soon reached a wall; the wall proved to be lined with sculptured slabs of gypsum; it formed the side of a chamber which led into many other chambers, all being set about with sculptured slabs representing battles, sieges, and similar events. "His wonder may be easily imagined. A new history had been suddenly opened to him; the records of an unknown people were before him. . . . The style of art of the sculptures, the dresses of the figures, the mythic forms on the walls, were all new to him, and afforded no clue to the epoch of the erection of the edifice, or to the people who were its founders. Numerous inscriptions, accompanying the bas-reliefs, evidently contained the explanation of the events thus recorded in sculpture; and being in the cuneiform or arrow-headed character, proved that the buildings belonged to an age preceding the conquests of Alexander. . . . M. Botta had discovered an Assyrian edifice, the first, probably, which had been exposed to the view of man since the fall of the Assyrian empire."*

The prize was not, however, what it first appeared. The building which M. Botta discovered had been destroyed by fire, and the calcined slabs, on being exposed to the air, began immediately to fall to pieces. There was time to copy the inscriptions and figures before the gypsum was disintegrated, but that was all. The venerable monument had been uncovered only to be dissolved. Like the

* Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains" (abridgment), p. 8.

lamp in Rosicrucius' sepulchre,* it would have endured for an indefinite time concealed and unprofitable; but as soon as it seemed likely to serve a useful purpose, or to gratify curiosity, it was shivered in pieces! Yet though this was the fate of the monument—though it perished for ever as soon as seen—it nevertheless, as Mr. Layard reminds us, answered to a great extent the purpose of its builder. It was preserved underground until men had learned the art of rapidly transferring, and of repeating at will, its forms and its legends. An educated mind caught and stored up its import while it was in the article of dissolution; its story was rescued by art from the limbo of secret things; its material has become powder, but the ideas of its builder belong to us and to our children for ever! That builder was over-sanguine in fancying that his work would endure for all time, but his mind must have come far short of conceiving the dissemination which his thoughts are like to have in spite of the destruction of the marble in which he put his trust.

Encouraged by this success, M. Botta applied for and obtained from his Government the means of pursuing his investigations; but he did not examine other mounds beside those of Khorsabad, all the walls of which had unfortunately, like those first discovered, been destroyed by fire. He did, however, secure some specimens of Assyrian sculpture, and copies of very many inscriptions, and returned home the most successful explorer that had yet busied himself with excavations on the banks of the Tigris.

The first fruits had thus been snatched from Mr. Layard, through no fault of his. Many a man seeing the wind thus taken out of his sails, would have resigned himself to having missed his destiny, and looked for a fresh field for his endeavours. Not so Mr. Layard. He rejoiced and triumphed in M. Botta's good fortune with the soul of a true follower of science; he saw in what had been achieved the justification of his belief, and the earnest of a fuller harvest; his appetite for a "thorough" exploration was only whetted. In the autumn of the same year† which had witnessed the termination of M. Botta's labours, he was able to carry out his cherished wish. Sir Stratford Canning, then our Minister at Constantinople, interested himself in the

pursuit, and agreed to share with Mr. Layard the expense of a venture. The ardent explorer left Constantinople in the middle of October, and such diligence did he use that he reached Mosul in twelve days.

The suspicions and expected opposition of the Turkish officials were obviated by Mr. Layard's prudence, and by the use of the credentials with which he was provided. In his previous excursions he had learned how to manage the Arabs, and to make them labour for him. He conciliated a Sheikh, procured through his means a small gang of workmen, and, before the Pasha was aware of his design, had made such discoveries in the mounds of Nimroud as convinced him that his further labour would be well rewarded. So he now took the Pasha into his confidence, asked to have an agent of Government appointed to secure any treasure that might be found (the idea that hidden riches were the object of the search being fixed in the Turkish mind), and received a tacit sanction to his proceedings. The work advanced, and in a very little while sculptured slabs were uncovered, in many respects resembling those found by M. Botta at Khorsabad—a pair of gigantic winged bulls, a crouching lion rudely carved, two smaller winged lions, and a bas-relief nine feet high. Again the slabs had been exposed to fire, but the sculptures were copied. Each slab contained two bas-reliefs divided by an inscription in the cuneiform character. The scenes represented were: 1st, A battle or pursuit, in which two chariots containing warriors were being driven past or over enemies, some resisting, others prostrate. 2d, A siege of a castle or walled city. 3d, Two warriors—one on horseback, the other in a chariot. 4th, The towers and battlements of a castle, with a stream and a man fishing. These were clearly historical pieces. The dresses and arms of the figures were very distinct, according to the side on which they were fighting, and showed that the war was between nations of diverse fashions. It was assumed that those who were getting the better of the contests were in every case Assyrians, and these were represented in coats of mail, wearing helmets with lappets to protect the neck, like the early Normans. They carry bows and arrows, or swords and shields, and their horses are richly caparisoned, and their chariots much ornamented. The enemies are dressed in short tunics descending to the knees, their heads bare, and the hair confined

* *Vide* No. 379 of the "Spectator."

† 1845.

by a simple fillet. In the siege are portrayed all the ancient methods of attack and defence: flights of missiles, escalade, demolition of walls, destruction by fire, dropping of heavy weights and precipitation of assailants from the walls, attempts to burn the assailants' engines, and so on; while the appearance within the walls of a female figure with dishevelled hair, and in an attitude of supplication, raises a sentiment, and indicates how the victory is inclining. The large bas-relief represented a human figure raising the right hand, and carrying a flower in the left. The lion was of black basalt. The heads and wings of the bulls had been destroyed; but on the backs of the slabs out of which they had been wrought were inscriptions. The small winged lions are described as being only remains! The knowledge of form, of grouping, and of composition exhibited in the bas-reliefs, showed them to have been produced in a nation much advanced in art. There were disproportions in the objects; arbitrary methods of representing the beards and hair of men, and the wings and coverings of animals, were used; and there was the presentation of all the figures in profile, as in the Egyptian bas-reliefs; notwithstanding which a considerable power could be traced, and a knowledge of the requirements of art which as yet the sculptors' hands could not satisfy.

It took but a short examination to convince the quick perception of Mr. Layard that the slabs had not originally stood in the place where he found them. The edges had been cut away, to the injury of both figures and inscriptions; and one slab was reversed. Thus far there was nothing to indicate the character of the building of which these relics had been the ornaments.

Here Mr. Layard was compelled to pause, as the Turks were seized with an obstructive fit; but he was so far satisfied with the results of his labours that he wrote to Sir Stratford Canning to procure for him a definite authority to proceed with them. One excuse made by the Pasha for interrupting the work was, that some graves of the faithful had been disturbed by the excavation. A little while after, it was confessed by a subordinate officer that he had been ordered to *make* graves which the diggers might appear to have disturbed; also that in making the sham graves he had disturbed several real ones, although the excavators had not. The ignorant suspicions, duplicity, and lying of the Turkish authori-

ties were enough to break the spirit of an ordinary man, and yet these were not all the difficulties that Mr. Layard had to contend with. He was in the desert, surrounded by Arab tribes who were at war with each other, continually executing raids, and who might at any time come down upon his party and make short work of himself and his discoveries. To guard against this he had to make alliances from time to time with different tribes, so as to secure protection; and this he appears to have done with a skill which formed no inconsiderable part of his qualification for the task which he had undertaken. He studied and learned the peculiarities of the Arab nature; could adapt himself to the wild simple habits of the children of the desert; dared to rely on their nobler qualities; bore with and turned to good account their infirmities; and was immensely popular with all the tribes among whom he sojourned. Many a traveller has managed to lose his property or his life before penetrating a tenth of Mr. Layard's incursion into the wastes of Mesopotamia and Assyria, or achieving anything worthy of record; while he, venturing everywhere, shrinking from no attempt which promised to gratify his thirst for information, traversed the wilderness, tore out its secrets, and returned to Europe unharmed. He had, however, sometimes to shift his berth rather suddenly; and a flitting of this kind took place during the first examination of the mounds of Nimroud, which we have just described. On account of the many depredations of numerous and powerful tribes in the neighbourhood of Naisa, a village near to Nimroud, he removed to Selamiyeh, higher up the river, where he took up his quarters in the house of the chief of the village, living in a degree of comfort of which the following extract will give some idea:—

The premises, which were speedily completed, consisted of four hovels, surrounded by a mud wall, and roofed with reeds and boughs of trees. I occupied half of the larger habitation, the other half being appropriated for beasts of the plough and various domestic animals. We were separated by a wall, in which, however, numerous apertures served as a means of communication. These I studiously endeavoured for some time to block up. A second hut was devoted to the wives, children, and poultry of my host; a third served as kitchen and servants' hall; the fourth was converted into a stall for my horses. In the enclosure formed by the buildings and outer wall, the few sheep and goats which had escaped the rapacity of the Pasha congregated during

the night, and kept up a continual bleating and coughing until they were milked and turned out to pasture at daybreak.

The roofs not having been constructed to exclude the winter rains now setting in, it required some exercise of ingenuity to escape the torrent which descended into my apartment. I usually passed the night on these occasions crouched up in a corner, or under a table which I had constructed. The latter, having been surrounded by trenches to carry off the accumulating waters, generally afforded the best shelter.

Though the interruptions of his work were continual, and some of them of long duration, Mr. Layard did not desist from it until he had ascertained what were the treasures of the principal mounds, secured and transmitted to England a great many of the most valuable of those treasures, traced out the forms of the buildings in which they were found, and deduced from his discoveries much information, to modern nations quite new, concerning the history and customs of the Assyrians of old. The sculptures, found in great quantity from time to time, were most of them of the same character as those already described, but they presented varieties of the same subjects, and the execution of some far surpassed in merit that of others. The differences soon suggested that the ruins were of different periods; and a clue was found to the dates, the names of the builders, and the style of the architecture. But perhaps it may be well, before saying how they serve to reconstruct history, or to make intelligible some hitherto obscure allusions in ancient writings, to state what the subjects of the bas-reliefs and other figures were.

A very large portion of the sculptures is intended to magnify and record the exploits of the king, who is in most cases the principal figure. He is on his throne, receiving ambassadors who prostrate themselves before him, and offer presents; or he is performing religious services in company with some of his gods; he is hunting, destroying lions generally; or he is in his war-chariot, on the march or in action, or directing the works of a siege, or the passage of a marsh, or giving orders concerning the disposal of the captives. In other places he is superintending civil works. There is an elaborate representation of the transport to its place in a building of a gigantic image of a human-headed bull. Here and there was found what was thought to be the portrait of a monarch, on a very large scale, wearing his robes and head-dress, and carrying royal symbols in his hand;

about his neck is a string of sacred emblems; the tassels, fringes, and ornaments of his dress, and the ornaments of his person, his thrones, and his chariots, are elaborately displayed. Where the king is not personally present, it is evident that most of the tableaux relate to his majesty's service, and principally to his wars and conquests. We have his warriors in chariots, on horseback, and on foot; spearmen, archers, men armed with the sword and with the mace. We have his troops embarked in galleys, or on rafts supported by inflated skins. The characters of the different countries which are the theatres of war, are indicated by trees, mountains, streams, marshes, by the physiognomy and costumes of the enemy, by the kind of booty, and by the images of their gods, which are being carried away in triumph. There is no Homeric ascription of great qualities to the foe, although, as we shall see, we have much reason to believe that Ionia and Greece generally derived much of their art and elegance from Assyria. On the contrary, the Assyrians seem to have had a charter for "whipping creation;" they pursue, they kill, they over-ride, they crack a castle or a fenced city like a nut, they carry away captive whole nations, they load themselves with spoil. And this is not the worst; we see them putting to death and torturing their prisoners, and in one slab flaying them alive. Scribes take account of the enemies' heads that are brought in; some of the enemy are seen writhing impaled upon the field; birds of prey fly through the air carrying in their beaks the entrails of the slain; but no Assyrian is ever seen dead, or wounded, or prisoner. In other compartments, troops of women and children, and bands of musicians, are going out to meet the returning conquerors. Apes, camels, rhinoceroses, elephants, antelopes, buffaloes, come on the scene either as spoil or tribute.

The king is in some places represented with the symbol of the supreme being above his head. This figure is like that of a man wearing a horned cap, such as is seen on the human-headed figures of animals, and shooting an arrow; it is surrounded by a circle with wings. Occasionally the figure has three heads. There is a god with the head of a bird, and another compounded of the figures of a man and a fish. No doubt, among these are Baal and Rimmon, and Nisroch and Nebo. Again, the hunting pieces prove that the pursuit in which Nimrod excelled

maintained its reputation as long as Assyria was an empire. The noblest chase of all was that of the lion, and it is the subject of very many bas-reliefs. The king, generally attended, is shown to us despatching the other king (of the beasts, to wit) by quite a Homeric variety of deaths. There is the hand-to-hand encounter, where the monarch seizes the wild beast by his beard and stabs him through the heart, making us think of another king,

Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's
hand.

The lion is transfixt with javelins or arrows, and some of the most spirited sculptures are those which exhibit the animal as wounded and making desperate efforts of pain and rage; one fine specimen is the figure of a maddened lion seizing a chariot-wheel with his claws and teeth.* The king on one slab is pouring libations over dead lions. But there is other hunting too; we find leashes of fine dogs held in readiness for the sport, and afterwards are made to understand, by lifelike tableaux, how they pulled down the wild ass. Gazelles in many well-drawn attitudes flee before the hunters, or are transfixt by spears or arrows; and, by a scene which represents the capture of a wild ass, we learn that the lasso was in use. Deer were destroyed in quantities. Preparations for the chase furnish the subjects of a series of bas-reliefs. Huntmen and other servants are seen bringing out the hounds, and bearing themselves, or driving mules which bear, ropes, gins, and nets, for the sport. Only one lady of rank has yet been seen on the sculptures, and she is probably a queen, from the attendance and state which appertain to her. She is feasting with a king, who reclines in Eastern fashion under a shade of vine branches. The piece is highly finished and admirably preserved.

One remarkable series of bas-reliefs represents the process of moving to its place in a building one of the colossal human-headed bulls, weighing forty or fifty tons each, of which Mr. Layard found a great number. The laborious work is done by innumerable captives, directed in all its parts by taskmasters and over-

seers, and superintended by the king in person, attended by his guards, and sitting in a chariot with an umbrella over his head. The implements for this service were brought up in carts, or on men's shoulders. Crow-bars and other levers, wedges, and rollers, seem to have been the only mechanical powers used. There were plenty of strong cables to pull with. The huge figure was supported in a frame, and placed on a sledge, which was hauled by main force up the mound on which stood the building to which it was to be appropriated. Men steadied it while on its rough passage by ropes and poles, and a great lever, worked by many men behind the sledge, served to guide the mass or to help it over obstacles. Some of the overseers use speaking-trumpets to give their orders. It is a very animated scene. Mr. Layard tells us that, before he found these bas-reliefs, he had arranged and superintended the moving of one of these colossal bulls from the place where he found it to the Tigris for conveyance to England, and that the means which he had used were the very same which the Assyrians are shown in the sculptures to be using, except that he carried his figure on a cart instead of a sledge. Some of these bulls are twenty feet high; the human-headed lions also are very large; on some of these figures there are long inscriptions.

Some beautiful border-work of honey-suckles, and of other flowers interspersed among figures of animals, was discovered; also an emblematic tree of peculiar trace, thought to be the tree of life. A number of bells and of bronze weights in the forms of lions were found; and there were altars and inscribed cylinders, parts of daggers, swords, and shields, vases, cups, and dishes. Two entire glass bowls and fragments of others were also turned up, and some ivory objects, one of which was thought to be a royal sceptre; but a more interesting discovery was that of the king's throne itself. There it stood, still recognizable as the chair of state delineated in the sculptures, although twenty or more centuries must have elapsed since it had been seen by human eyes. "With the exception of the legs, which appear to have been partly of ivory, it was of wood, cased or overlaid with bronze. The metal was elaborately engraved and embossed with symbolical figures and ornaments, like those embroidered on the robes of the early Nimroud king, such as winged deities struggling with griffins, mythic animals, the

* We have no reason to think that Assyrian achievement went beyond gallantly destroying the lion. The Egyptians tamed and utilized the beast, making him run down game for them.

sacred tree, and the winged lion and bull. In front of the throne was the foot-stool, also of wood overlaid with embossed metal, and adorned with the heads of bulls. The feet ended in lions' paws and pine-cones, like those of the throne." Of iron implements, were found pick-heads, a double-handled saw, supposed heads of sledge-hammers, and an instrument used for undermining walls in sieges.

Having thus given a short account of what was found in the mounds of the Tigris, let us go on to say what are the deductions which science has made from these relics. In the first place, the basements of the buildings in which the sculptures stood have been, with great labour and patience, satisfactorily traced, so that we know the ground-plans of some of them. Their walls were chiefly of brick, either sun-dried or burnt, and the bricks were generally inscribed or stamped, and we read of some of them being painted and even gilded. The sculptured slabs of gypsum made facings to the brickwork, and skirted the chambers to a greater or less height. The winged lions and bulls were found to stand generally flanking doorways or main entrances. It has been pretty clearly made out that the whole of these discovered buildings were either royal palaces or temples, or public buildings of some kind; perhaps each of them served more than one purpose. In the mound of Nimroud there were no less than four of these palaces, distinguished as the South-East, the South-West, the Centre, and the North-West. At Khorsabad but one palace was discovered, and two at Kouyunjik, although the records tell that there were more there. The mound at Kalah Shergat appears never to have been thoroughly explored: the perils of that neighbourhood were great; the Arabs were hostile and powerful, and the tribes that were friendly to the explorers, and gave them protection, did not fancy a long sojourn near such formidable bands. One or two figures, and the remains of many walls, were found in this large mound, as also a great number of tombs, showing Kalah Shergat to have been extensively used as a burying-place, but at a period subsequent to the destruction of the Assyrian empire. Mr. Layard does not, however, think that it ever contained a palace such as those in the other mounds.

Now it fortunately happens that on the backs of the sculptured slabs of gypsum

the name of a king is frequently inscribed; and this offered a guide to discovering the builder in each case, provided the inscription could be understood. And supposing the difficulties of the writing and language to be to any extent mastered, there were means of getting at a good deal of the history of the empire, because there were inscriptions on the faces of some of the slabs. As has been said, some of the large figures also were inscribed: between the pairs of colossal figures guarding the entrances, there were generally large slabs with records on them; and obelisks and cylinders covered with historical inscriptions were also found. Now it is true that to this day learned men are not quite agreed as to the reading of the cuneiform writing, nor as to the meaning of the words. There is, however, sufficient accord among them to warrant a belief that we have got at the meaning of much of this Assyrian writing, and that we can tell who built some of the palaces.

The north-west palace at Nimroud is the largest there, and the oldest palace that has been found. Its builder had a jaw-breaking name, which is now very well known, and quite recognizable in the Assyrian characters, but for the letters of it our greatest authorities do not all find exactly the same English equivalents. It is thought to be just such a name as the Greeks would have smoothed down into *Σαρδαναπόλος*; and accordingly, he has been distinguished as Sardanapalus. He was a great warrior and builder, and flourished 900 years B.C. Since we have become acquainted with Assyrian remains and records, it is known that there were several kings whose names would be probably written "Sardanapalus" by the Greeks. Possibly these have been confounded, and the acts of two or more of them ascribed to one. Clearly, he of whom we are now speaking cannot be the Sardanapalus with whom we are best acquainted—namely, the one who lost the empire.

Shalmaneser, son of the above, built the centre palace at Nimroud. He also was a great conqueror, and greatly strengthened his empire. He had tributaries in Chaldæa, Babylonia, and probably in Persia, Syria, Phœnicia, and Northern Mesopotamia. Armenia and Media also paid him tribute; and in one tablet* the Jewish king Jehu is said to have acknowledged his power in this

* Now in the British Museum.

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way. This fixes Shalmaneser's period to somewhere about 840 years B.C.

Shalmaneser's grandson — whose name is given as Iva-lush, with variations according to the different methods of reading, and does not appear to be the same with any historical name — built some upper chambers on the mound of Nimroud, between the north-west and the south-west palaces. He also was a conqueror, and he had a wife with a name so suspiciously like Semiramis that some students believe her, though a personage of no pretension, to be the figure about which fables and glories have been wrapped and hung until she expanded into the classical Semiramis. The world has need to look to its heroes and heroines — William Tell is demolished, and here is Semiramis in a precarious condition.

The south-eastern palace at Nimroud was built by Tiglath-Pileser, the third monarch of that name. He it was who carried away captive some of the Jewish tribes. This was only one of many exploits. It is hoped that there are materials for ascertaining the chronicles of his reign with some distinctness, as it occurred at a period which is within the reach of history — viz., 744 to 726 B.C.

The palace at Khorsabad, the remains of which were discovered by M. Botta, was the work of Sargon (named in Isaiah, xx. 1), who seems to have been an Eastern Napoleon. He not only subdued the countries near about him, but also Syria, Egypt, and Ethiopia, and carried his arms into Asia Minor, and even to the island of Cyprus.

The name of the next builder is more familiar to us. Sennacherib, the son of Sargon, erected the grand palace at Kouyunjik, and he and his descendants filled it with inscribed records of his reign, so that a full Assyrian history of that period (704 to 680 B.C.) may be forthcoming. We know already from Scripture that Sennacherib was succeeded by his son Esar-haddon; and Assyrian chronicles agree with this account, giving the successor's name as Asshur-akh-idin. This Esar-haddon built the south-west palace at Nimroud with materials taken from the older palaces. He it was who carried Manasseh, King of Judah, away captive to Babylon about 677 B.C.

His son, a second Sardanapalus, built the second or northern palace at Kouyunjik. He greatly embellished the palace of Sennacherib, filling it with sculptures exhibiting that monarch's exploits, and

he left ample materials for collecting the history of his own reign. He contributed something, no doubt, to the Greek Sardanapalus — indeed he is believed to be the builder of Tarsus and Anchiale, and the author of the celebrated sensual motto about eating and drinking and being jolly — but his son was the sovereign who lost the empire, and perished in the burning palace to which he had himself set fire. The Assyrian name of this son does not look like Sardanapalus at all, and at present we do not know why the Greeks attributed the act of self-immolation to a Sardanapalus.

We have picked out these notices of the builders of the palaces to give some idea of the value of Mr. Layard's work. It must be stated, however, that the outline of a continuous history of the great Assyrian monarchy has already been traced from the disinterred records, and that the accounts of some of the reigns are likely to be filled in with considerable minuteness whenever the deciphering of the inscriptions shall have been accomplished; and very satisfactory accounts they are likely to be, for the sculptures illustrate the history all along, and we learn the manner of doing things as well as the things that were done.

As the mystery of the cuneiform writing is what stands between us and an extensive and accurate knowledge of many periods of the history of Persia, Babylonia, and Assyria, some account of this writing and its difficulties, as well as of the means by which the difficulties were to some extent overcome, may be interesting. The element or unit in this kind of writing is a figure in the shape of a wedge or arrow-head. Every separate symbol, such as a letter or numeral, is either a single wedge placed in a certain attitude, or a cluster of wedges grouped in a particular manner. A single wedge may of course be written vertically with the thin or the broad end uppermost, it may be written horizontally with the broad end to the right or to the left, and it may be written inclined to the vertical or to the horizontal, and its point turned either way — representing in every one of these attitudes a different sound. If this variety can be achieved with a single wedge, the great number of sounds that may be represented by different combinations of two or of more wedges may be imagined. To find the different shapes that can be made out of a limited number is an exercise in permutation; but if the number of wedges be unlimited, the combinations

EXPLORATIONS.

re infinite. When in modern times the remains of this kind of writing began to attract attention, there was not the slightest clue to its interpretation. The meaning had utterly perished. If only a word, or even a letter, had been certainly understood, the ingenious brains of scholars would speedily by its means have learned something more, and then from that something advanced a further stage, from the small seed obtaining at last a tree with many branches. But the ignorance was absolute; and yet, as we shall see, it was not hopeless, neither did it deter students from essaying the solution of this hard enigma. After a time, the faintest possible ray of light began to appear. There was reason to believe, from the length and the number of the words in three different sentences on the same stone, that one and the same meaning had been expressed in three different languages, or that each of these periods was a translation of the other two. This discovery did not seem to promise much, for all three tongues were written in cuneiform characters, and all three were entirely unknown. If, as in the case of the Rosetta stone, one or more of the inscriptions had been legible and intelligible, the unknown part or parts would at once have been to a certain extent clear. But where all three languages and modes of writing were equally obscure, how should any one of them serve to interpret the others? And yet these trilingual inscriptions were the means of bringing light upon all three languages and modes of writing. A learned and most ingenious German scholar (Grotefend) observed that a great many of these inscriptions were nearly the same as to length and characters, the difference being in two or three words introduced at a particular part of the inscription. He thought it likely that the inscriptions might repeat some set form, glorifying the king, or announcing some act of his, as the erection of a building, and that the words which were not always the same were the names of the different kings and of their fathers, like Jeroboam the son of Nebat, according to Eastern custom. This idea was strengthened by the discovery that the word which seemed to represent the king on one stone would represent the king's father on a later stone, and from a still later stone entirely disappear, while a new name was introduced. The learned decipherer at last became satisfied that these variable words denoted a succession of kings.

He made a guess at the names on some tablets known to relate to Persia—assuming that the characters on the oldest stone meant Darius the son of Hystaspes, and that when one of these names vanished while the other remained, although in a different position, and a new name was introduced, the changed characters meant Xerxes the son of Darius.* Fortunately he had hit the mark, and, having assured himself that he knew the names intended, he was able to ascertain the sounds of some of the letters; these letters, with a little clever guessing, led to the discovery of others, and so a breach was made in the wall of thick darkness which had shrouded the cuneiform writing. It need hardly be stated that when one of the tongues on the trilingual tablets came to be known, a key more or less effectual would be found for the others. In this way much progress has been made with the interpretation, which has in many cases been proved to be sound by its disclosure of facts unknown before, but which subsequent discoveries have verified. Several times in the course of his narratives Mr. Layard points to this versification, saying of some historical fact which his researches had brought to light, or which had been worked out of inscriptions in some other tongue, that it had been previously announced by Sir H. Rawlinson, or Mr. Hincks, or M. Oppert, who had learned it from the cuneiform tablets or cylinders. Thus it was proved that they had read the cuneiform writing aright in many instances. There remain, notwithstanding, numerous difficulties. Translators do not agree as to all the details, and in some of the tongues symbols have been used for whole words, like hieroglyphics; so that one may know the alphabet, and yet be ignorant of what these symbols mean. One of the cylinders found in Nineveh was a sort of hornbook showing what many of these signs meant, and thus little by little the darkness is being dispelled.

As examples of the kind of information which has been furnished, let the following be taken. There is a detailed Assyrian account of the wars between Sennacherib and Hezekiah, King of Judah, the agreement of which with the Scriptural account is most remarkable.† The taking of the city of Lachish is not only

* Of course he was aware of the extreme improbability of the names being spelt in Persian the same as in Greek; but he assumed that there would be an approach to identity of spelling.

† Vide 18th chapter of Second Book of Kings.

recorded in writing, but a series of bas-reliefs exhibits all the particulars of it. Sennacherib commanded in person at the siege, and after the town was taken sat on his throne to give decrees concerning it, and to receive the submission of the conquered and dispose of the prisoners. If any man doubts the severity of the punishment which fell upon the wretched Jews for their idolatry, he will do well to study Mr. Layard's accounts and drawings. Sennacherib's account of the little *douceur*—his direct claims—which Hezekiah paid him to avert his vengeance, are consistent with those of the writer of the Second Book of Kings. The thirty talents of gold are expressly mentioned as the principal part of the booty. The builder of the palace at Kouyunjik is thus identified with the Sennacherib of Scripture. It is Sennacherib's throne that was found as above stated; that is very plain from the sculptures. "The metal fragments sent to England have been skillfully put together, so that the Assyrian king's throne upon which Sennacherib himself sat, and the footstool which he used, may now be seen at the British Museum. A rod with loose rings, to which was once hung an embroidered curtain, appears to have belonged to the back of the chair, or to a framework raised above or behind it."

Again, the account of the arms of King Sargon having been carried as far as Cyprus, and of his having received tribute from kings in that island, was known to us only through interpretations of cuneiform records found in the mounds. If the interpretation was incorrect, or if the statement should be unsupported, the account might be mere fiction. But since the announcement of the fact on the authority of the Assyrian record, a slate has been discovered at Idalium, in Cyprus,* with the effigy of Sargon, and an inscription containing his name and titles, thus furnishing a remarkable proof of the faithfulness of the chronicle, and of the soundness of the translation.

Among the curiosities turned out by Mr. Layard was a piece of clay bearing impressions of the seals of state of Egypt and Assyria, the respective kings of those countries being at the period Sabaco the Second and Shalmaneser. In the clay is

a hole, as if for a string to run through, and the finder has no doubt that this clay was attached, as we attach seals in wax, to an agreement or treaty. Now, we know from Scripture (2 Kings, xvii. 4) that Hoshea, King of Israel, by conspiring with So (believed to be Sabaco), King of Egypt, called down upon his nation the wrath of Shalmaneser; and there can be little doubt that the parchment or papyrus to which the clay was once attached exhibited the settlement on account of this conspiracy between Shalmaneser and So. The document must have long since perished, but the clay enables us to guess at the subject-matter of it.

The words of Scripture receive curious illustration from scenes in the bas-reliefs. On one slab a castle is portrayed with the shields of the defenders hung round the walls; and in the 27th chapter of Ezekiel, verse 11, are the words "they hanged their shields upon thy walls round about." It would seem, from the context in Ezekiel, that the object of this was to set off the beauty of the citadel; and we see from the sculptures that such a practice, whatever may have been its object, prevailed among Assyrian warriors. It is recorded in the Second Book of Kings that the heads of the seventy sons of Ahab were brought to Jezreel in baskets and laid in two heaps at the gate. The sculptures abundantly show that acts of this kind were not uncommon; for we see not only the act of decapitation, or the carrying away the head of an enemy as a trophy, but also the official reception of the heaps of heads—soldiers bringing them in, and officers taking account of them. The prophet Zechariah mentions "the bells of the horses," and the sculptures explain the allusion, as in them the horses of the cavalry and of the chariots are continually represented with bells round their necks. Shushan, the palace, is mentioned in the inscriptions the same as in Scripture. Instances of the Scriptural records and the Assyrian remains illustrating one another repeatedly occur; but perhaps in nothing is this so remarkable as in the mutual light reflected from the written description of Solomon's temple and palaces, of their workmanship and ornaments, and from the remains, representations, and accounts of the Assyrian palaces. We have not space to follow these illustrations, but they will amply repay the labour of any one who may study them.* There is every reason to believe

* We should draw attention to the fact that the Government of the United States has lately interested itself in explorations in the Isle of Cyprus; and that it is proposed—or perhaps already determined—to establish a National Museum in the Union, to which the Cyprus explorations will furnish the first antiquities.

* Since this paper was written, a most interesting

that the wood in the magnificent Assyrian palaces was cedar of Lebanon; and some of it, quite sound, remains to this day in the mounds. Mr. Layard, smelling one day in the excavations the fragrance of cedar, inquired the meaning of it, and found that the Arabs, wanting a fire, were burning a beam from the ruins; it had retained its scent for probably three thousand years. The bronzes which were found cannot have been all made of native, or even of Asiatic metal; the tin was procured immediately from Phœnicia, which was tributary to Assyria. But we know that the Phœnicians came to Britain for their tin; so that the relics which an Englishman digs out of the mounds of Nineveh in the present age, and which belonged to Sennacherib and his ancestors, contain Cornish tin taken from the mines three or four thousand years ago.

It is remarkable that no private house has been traced in Nineveh, so that the domestic life of the Assyrians is still unknown to us. The people, no doubt, dwelt in tents, or in very frail huts, which were easily destroyed when the city was taken. There is reason to think that all or many of the mounds were parts of one immense city which was spread out between them. Some of the mounds were fortified, and the ramparts and ditches can still be traced; but it is doubtful whether there were walls surrounding the whole vast city. When the empire fell with the grandson of Esar-haddon, it is clear that the palaces and temples were destroyed by fire, the work either of the Assyrians themselves, who may have been as heroic as the citizens of Moscow were in a later day, or of the victorious enemy after everything which could conveniently be carried away had been removed. That the enemy had a spite against the proud sculptures, and wished to blot out the deeds which they commemorate, is evident, for he had begun the work of defacing the slabs. Probably finding this a tedious task, he ad-

ressed himself to obliterating with a chisel the features of the king wherever he was portrayed; and poor Sennacherib's head has been punched in this way over and over again. Perhaps, when there was found to be not time even for the punching, fire was resorted to; we may be thankful that some of the slabs and images escaped both the chisel and the fire. It is still a question how the Assyrians disposed of their dead, because, although hundreds of graves have been found, not one can be absolutely pronounced to belong to that nation, but may be of the Persian, or Macedonian, or Arabian period. This absence of tombs, where so much of other remains has been found, suggests that the dead may have been burned; and the discovery of a few vases which may be sepulchral urns gives some colour to this supposition.

So considerable a knowledge has been acquired, through Mr. Layard's means, of the architecture of Assyria, that Mr. Fergusson, in a very interesting work,* has suggested a restoration of the palaces; and Mr. Fergusson's views appear to be good in the eyes of Mr. Layard. We cannot, however, further refer to the restorations, our subject having been the explorations effected by Mr. Layard. We are obliged on the present occasion to pass over also the many most interesting excursions which Mr. Layard made into Kurdistan, Babylonia, and Armenia. His accounts of the modern Arabs, Nestorians, and Yezidis or Devil-worshippers, are as copious and instructive as those of his explorations. His adventures, and the traits of Arab and Turkish character, are most amusing. He did not make the whole of his examinations at one visit, but returned to Europe after the first trial, which had been undertaken at the joint expense of Sir Stratford Canning and himself, and then again went out to the Tigris and resumed his work in communication with the British Museum, and aided by a grant of British money. He had troubles innumerable to encounter—frequent sickness, constant danger, want of mechanical means, the hard-headedness of the Arabs, the ignorance and obstructive cunning of the Turks; but in spite of all he triumphed, and did his work thoroughly. To his efforts we owe the return to its place in history of a country over which the waters of oblivion had been rolling for thousands of

decipherment, by Mr. Smith of the British Museum, of certain tablets found in the palace of Sardanapalus, has been made public. The inscriptions, which date from the 7th century B.C., are but copies of inscriptions 1200, or more, years older. These tablets contain a profane account of the Deluge; and Mr. Smith's communication, made in the second week of December 1872, will greatly delight those who take an interest in these subjects. As in other cases, some of the interpretations are disputed, especially the readings of proper names. Mr. Smith has, however, Sir H. Rawlinson with him. Whatever may have been his success as to details, it is not disputed that he has unravelled the substance of the accounts.

* The Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored.

years. He has presented us with his own invaluable discoveries, and he has set hundreds of brains working to extract the full knowledge derivable therefrom. He has not only been himself a potent friend to science, but he is the cause that others make their learning productive. We can admire him in three capacities, in any one of which a great reputation might have been earned. A thoughtful and sound diviner, he, on solid grounds, and after a personal inspection, determined that the mounds of the Tigris must be something more than heaps of earth and rubbish; and so firm was his conviction of their concealed treasure, that the comparative failure of attempts less earnest than his did not shake it. An earnest and thorough worker under great difficulties, he did service far beyond the common as a digger and searcher. A collector and appraiser of the prizes, he was able on the spot to assign their relative values to the objects found, to understand their general meaning, to secure the information derivable from such as could not be removed, and to foresee the scientific results which must undoubtedly proceed from his labours. Those who have studied his works will not fail to do him full justice; but there are very many of the present generation, probably, who do not know what we owe him, nor how suddenly and completely he resuscitated the records of an empire, and opened a new field for our instruction and entertainment.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

BOOK FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

FROM ISaura CICOGNA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

It is many days since I wrote to you, and but for your delightful note just received, reproaching me for silence, I should still be under the spell of that awe which certain words of M. Savarin were well fitted to produce. Chancing to ask him if he had written to you lately, he said, with that laugh of his, good-humouredly ironical, "No, Mademoiselle, I am not one of the *Facheux* whom Molière has immortalized. If the meeting of lovers should be sacred from the intrusion

of a third person, however amiable, more sacred still should be the parting between an author and his work. Madame de Grantmesnil is in that moment so solemn to a genius earnest as hers—she is bidding farewell to a companion with whom, once dismissed into the world, she can never converse familiarly again; it ceases to be her companion when it becomes ours. Do not let us disturb the last hours they will pass together."

These words struck me much. I suppose there is truth in them. I can comprehend that a work which has long been all in all to its author, concentrating his thoughts, gathering round it the hopes and fears of his inmost heart, dies, as it were, to him when he has completed its life for others, and launched it into a world estranged from the solitude in which it was born and formed. I can almost conceive that, to a writer like you, the very fame which attends the work thus sent forth chills your own love for it. The characters you created in a fairy land, known but to yourself, must lose something of their mysterious charm when you hear them discussed and cavilled at, blamed or praised, as if they were really the creatures of streets and *salons*.

I wonder if hostile criticism pains or enrages you as it seems to do such other authors as I have known. M. Savarin, for instance, sets down in his tablets as an enemy to whom vengeance is due the smallest scribbler who wounds his self-love, and says frankly, "To me praise is food, dispraise is poison. Him who feeds me I pay; him who poisons me I break on the wheel. "M. Savarin is, indeed, a skilful and energetic administrator to his own reputation. He deals with it as if it were a kingdom—establishes fortifications for its defence—enlists soldiers to fight for it. He is the soul and centre of a confederation in which each is bound to defend the territory of the others, and all those territories united constitute the imperial realm of M. Savarin. Don't think me an ungracious satirist in what I am thus saying of our brilliant friend. It is not I who here speak; it is himself. He avows his policy with the *naïveté* which makes the charm of his style as writer. "It is the greatest mistake," he said to me yesterday, "to talk of the Republic of Letters. Every author who wins a name is a sovereign in his own domain, be it large or small. Woe to any republican who wants to dethrone me!" Somehow or other, when M. Savarin thus talks. I feel as if he were betraying the

cause of genius. I cannot bring myself to regard literature as a craft—to me it is a sacred mission; and in hearing this “sovereign” boast of the tricks by which he maintains his state, I seem to listen to a priest who treats as imposture the religion he professes to teach. M. Savarin’s favourite *élève* now is a young contributor to his journal, named Gustave Rameau. M. Savarin said the other day in my hearing, “I and my set were *Young France*—Gustave Rameau and his set are *New Paris*.”

“And what is the distinction between the one and the other?” asked my American friend, Mrs. Morley.

“The set of ‘Young France,’” answered M. Savarin, “had in it the hearty consciousness of youth: it was bold and vehement, with abundant vitality and animal spirits; whatever may be said against it in other respects, the power of thews and sinews must be conceded to its chief representatives. But the set of ‘New Paris’ has very bad health, and very indifferent spirits. Still, in its way, it is very clever; it can sting and bite as keenly as if it were big and strong. Rameau is the most promising member of the set. He will be popular in his time, because he represents a good deal of the mind of his time—viz., the mind and the time of ‘New Paris.’”

Do you know anything of this young Rameau’s writings? You do not know himself, for he told me so, expressing a desire that was evidently very sincere, to find some occasion on which to render you his homage. He said this the first time I met him at M. Savarin’s, and before he knew how dear to me are yourself and your fame. He came and sate by me after dinner, and won my interest at once by asking me if I had heard that you were busied on a new work; and then, without waiting for my answer, he launched forth into praises of you, which made a notable contrast to the scorn with which he spoke of all your contemporaries, except indeed M. Savarin, who however, might not have been pleased to hear his favourite pupil style him “a great writer in small things.” I spare you his epigrams on Dumas and Victor Hugo and my beloved Lamartine. Though his talk was showy, and dazzled me at first, I soon got rather tired of it—even the first time we met. Since then I have seen him very often, not only at M. Savarin’s, but he calls here at least every other day, and we have become quite good friends. He gains on

acquaintance so far, that one cannot help feeling how much he is to be pitied. He is so envious! and the envious must be so unhappy. And then he is at once so near and so far from all the things that he envies. He longs for riches and luxury, and can only as yet earn a bare competence by his labours. Therefore he hates the rich and luxurious. His literary successes, instead of pleasing him, render him miserable by their contrast with the fame of the authors whom he envies and assails. He has a beautiful head, of which he is conscious, but it is joined to a body without strength or grace. He is conscious of this too: but it is cruel to go on with this sketch. You can see at once the kind of person who, whether he inspire affection or dislike, cannot fail to create an interest—painful but compassionate.

You will be pleased to hear that Dr. C. considers my health so improved, that I may next year enter fairly on the profession for which I was intended and trained. Yet I still feel hesitating and doubtful. To give myself wholly up to the art in which I am told I could excel, must alienate me entirely from the ambition that yearns for fields in which, alas! it may perhaps never appropriate to itself a rood for culture—only wander, lost in a vague fairyland, to which it has not the fairy’s birthright. O thou great Enchantress, to whom are equally subject the streets of Paris and the realm of Faerie—thou who hast sounded to the deeps that circumfluent ocean called “practical human life,” and hast taught the acutest of its navigators to consider how far its courses are guided by orbs in heaven—canst thou solve this riddle which, if it perplexes me, must perplex so many? What is the real distinction between the rare genius and the commonalty of human souls that feel to the quick all the grandest and divinest things which the rare genius places before them, sighing within themselves—“This rare genius does but express that which was previously familiar to us, so far as thought and sentiment extend?” Nay, the genius itself, however eloquent, never does, never can, express the whole of the thought or the sentiment it interprets: on the contrary, the greater the genius is, the more it leaves a something of incomplete satisfaction on our minds—it promises so much more than it performs—it implies so much more than it announces. I am impressed with the truth of what I thus say in proportion

as I reperuse and restudy the greatest writers that have come within my narrow range of reading. And by the greatest writers I mean those who are not exclusively reasoners (of such I cannot judge), nor mere poets (of whom, so far as concerns the union of words with music, I ought to be able to judge), but the few who unite reason and poetry, and appeal at once to the common-sense of the multitude and the imagination of the few. The highest type of this union to me is Shakespeare; and I can comprehend the justice of no criticism on him which does not allow this sense of incomplete satisfaction augmenting in proportion as the poet soars to his highest. I ask again, In what consists this distinction between the rare genius and the commonality of minds that exclaim, "He expresses what we feel, but never the whole of what we feel?" Is it the mere power over language, a larger knowledge of dictionaries, a finer ear for period and cadence, a more artistic craft in casing our thoughts and sentiments in well-selected words? Is it true what Buffon says, "that the style is the man"? Is it true what I am told Goethe said, "Poetry is form"? I cannot believe this; and if you tell me it is true, then I no longer pine to be a writer. But if it be not true, explain to me how it is that the greatest genius is popular in proportion as it makes itself akin to us by uttering in better words than we employ that which was already within us, brings to light what in our souls was latent, and does but correct, beautify, and publish the correspondence which an ordinary reader carries on privately every day, between himself and his mind or his heart. If this superiority in the genius be but style and form, I abandon my dream of being something else than a singer of words by another to the music of another. But then, what then? My knowledge of books and art is wonderfully small. What little I do know I gather from very few books, and from what I hear said by the few worth listening to whom I happen to meet; and out of these, in solitude and reverie, not by conscious effort, I arrive at some results which appear to my inexperience original. Perhaps, indeed, they have the same kind of originality as the musical compositions of amateurs who effect a cantata or a quartette made up of borrowed details from great masters, and constituting a whole so original that no real master would deign to own it. Oh, if I could get you to understand how un-

settled, how struggling my whole nature at this moment is! I wonder what is the sensation of the chrysalis which has been a silk-worm, when it first feels the new wings stirring within its shell—wings, alas! that are but those of the humblest and shortest-lived sort of moth, scarcely born into daylight before it dies. Could it reason, it might regret its earlier life, and say, "Better be the silk-worm than the moth."

From the Same to the Same.

Have you known well any English people in the course of your life? I say well, for you must have had acquaintance with many. But it seems to me so difficult to know an Englishman well. Even I, who so loved and revered Mr. Selby—I, whose childhood was admitted into his companionship by that love which places ignorance and knowledge, infancy and age, upon ground so equal that heart touches heart—cannot say that I understand the English character to anything like the extent to which I fancy I understand the Italian and the French. Between us of the Continent and them of the island the British Channel always flows. There is an Englishman here to whom I have been introduced, whom I have met, though but seldom, in that society which bounds the Paris world to me. Pray, pray tell me, did you ever know, ever meet him? His name is Graham Vane. He is the only son, I am told, of a man who was a *célébrité* in England as an orator and statesman, and on both sides he belongs to the *haute aristocratie*. He himself has that indescribable air and mien to which we apply the epithet "distinguished." In the most crowded *salon* the eye would fix on him, and involuntarily follow his movements. Yet his manners are frank and simple, wholly without the stiffness or reserve which are said to characterize the English. There is an inborn dignity in his bearing which consists in the absence of all dignity assumed. But what strikes me most in this Englishman is an expression of countenance which the English depict by the word "open"—that expression which inspires you with a belief in the existence of sincerity. Mrs. Morley said of him, in that poetic extravagance of phrase by which the Americans startle the English—"That man's forehead would light up the Mammoth Cave." Do you not know, Eulalie, what it is to us cultivators of art—art being the expression of truth through fiction—

to come into the atmosphere of one of those souls in which Truth stands out bold and beautiful in itself, and needs no idealization through fiction? Oh, how near we should be to heaven could we live daily, hourly, in the presence of one the honesty of whose word we could never doubt, the authority of whose word we could never disobey! Mr. Vane professes not to understand music—not even to care for it, except rarely—and yet he spoke of its influence over others with an enthusiasm that half charmed me back once more to my destined calling—nay, might have charmed me wholly, but that he seemed to think that I—that any public singer—must be a creature apart from the world—the world in which such men live. Perhaps that is true.

CHAPTER II.

It was one of those lovely noons towards the end of May in which a rural suburb has the mellow charm of summer to him who escapes awhile from the streets of a crowded capital. The Londoner knows its charm when he feels his tread on the softening swards of the Vale of Health, or, pausing at Richmond under the budding willow, gazes on the river glittering in the warmer sunlight, and hears from the villa-gardens behind him the brief trill of the blackbird. But the suburbs round Paris are, I think, a yet more pleasing relief from the metropolis; they are more easily reached, and I know not why, but they seem more rural, perhaps because the contrast of their repose with the stir left behind—of their redundancy of leaf and blossom, compared with the prim efflorescence of trees in the Boulevards and Tuileries—is more striking. However that may be, when Graham reached the pretty suburb in which Isaura dwelt, it seemed to him as if all the wheels of the loud busy life were suddenly smitten still. The hour was yet early; he felt sure that he should find Isaura at home. The garden-gate stood unfastened and ajar; he pushed it aside and entered. I think I have before said that the garden of the villa was shut out from the road, and the gaze of neighbours, by a wall and thick belt of evergreens; it stretched behind the house somewhat far for the garden of a suburban villa. He paused when he had passed the gateway, for he heard in the distance the voice of one singing—singing low, singing plaintively. He knew it was the voice of Isaura; he passed on,

leaving the house behind him, and tracking the voice till he reached the singer.

Isaura was seated within an arbour towards the further end of the garden—an arbour which, a little later in the year, must indeed be delicate and dainty with lush exuberance of jessamine and woodbine; now into its iron trellis-work leaflet and flowers were insinuating their gentle way. Just at the entrance one white rose—a winter rose that had mysteriously survived its relations—opened its pale hues frankly to the noonday sun. Graham approached slowly, noiselessly, and the last note of the song had ceased when he stood at the entrance of the arbour. Isaura did not perceive him at first, for her face was bent downward musingly, as was often her wont after singing, especially when alone. But she felt that the place was darkened, that something stood between her and the sunshine. She raised her face, and a quick flush mantled over it as she uttered his name, not loudly, not as in surprise, but inwardly and whisperingly, as in a sort of fear.

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," said Graham, entering; "but I heard your voice as I came into the garden, and it drew me onward involuntarily. What a lovely air! and what simple sweetness in such of the words as reached me! I am so ignorant of music that you must not laugh at me if I ask whose is the music and whose are the words? Probably both are so well known as to convict me of a barbarous ignorance."

"Oh no," said Isaura, with a still heightened colour, and in accents embarrassed and hesitating. "Both the words and music are by an unknown and very humble composer, yet not, indeed, quite original; they have not even that merit—at least they were suggested by a popular song in the Neapolitan dialect which is said to be very old."

"I don't know if I caught the true meaning of the words, for they seemed to me to convey a more subtle and refined sentiment than is common in the popular songs of southern Italy."

"The sentiment in the original is changed in the paraphrase, and not, I fear, improved by the change."

"Will you explain to me the sentiment in both, and let me judge which I prefer?"

"In the Neapolitan song a young fisherman, who has moored his boat under a rock on the shore, sees a beautiful face below the surface of the waters; he imagines it to be that of a Nereid, and

casts in his net to catch this supposed nymph of the ocean. He only disturbs the water, loses the image, and brings up a few common fishes. He returns home disappointed, and very much enamoured of the supposed Nereid. The next day he goes again to the same place, and discovers that the face which had so charmed him was that of a mortal girl reflected on the waters from the rock behind him, on which she had been seated, and on which she had her home. The original air is arch and lively; just listen to it." And Isaura warbled one of those artless and somewhat meagre tunes to which light-stringed instruments are the fitting accompaniment.

"That," said Graham, "is a different music indeed from the other, which is deep and plaintive, and goes to the heart."

"But do you not see how the words have been altered? In the song you first heard me singing, the fisherman goes again to the spot, again and again sees the face in the water, again and again seeks to capture the Nereid, and never knows to the last that the face was that of the mortal on the rock close behind him, and which he passed by without notice every day. Deluded by an ideal image, the real one escapes from his eye."

"Is the verse that is recast meant to symbolize a moral in love?"

"In love? nay, I know not; but in life, yes—at least the life of the artist."

"The paraphrase of the original is yours, Signorina—words and music both. Am I not right? Your silence answers, 'Yes.' Will you pardon me if I say that, though there can be no doubt of the new beauty you have given to the old song, I think that the moral of the old was the sounder one, the truer to human life. We do not go on to the last duped by an illusion. If enamoured by the shadow on the waters, still we do look around us and discover the image it reflects."

Isaura shook her head gently, but made no answer. On the table before her there were a few myrtle-sprigs and one or two buds from the last winter rose, which she had been arranging into a simple nosegay; she took up these, and abstractedly began to pluck and scatter the rose leaves.

"Despise the coming May flowers if you will, they will soon be so plentiful," said Graham; "but do not cast away the few blossoms which winter has so kindly spared, and which even summer will not give again;" and, placing his hand on the winter buds, it touched hers—lightly, in-

deed, but she felt the touch, shrank from it, coloured, and rose from her seat.

"The sun has left this side of the garden, the east wind is rising, and you must find it chilly here," she said, in an altered tone; "will you not come into the house?"

"It is not the air that I feel chilly," said Graham, with a half-smile; "I almost fear that my prosaic admonitions have displeased you."

"They were not prosaic; and they were kind and very wise," she added, with her exquisite laugh—laugh so wonderfully sweet and musical. She now had gained the entrance of the arbour; Graham joined her, and they walked towards the house. He asked her if she had seen much of the Savarins since they had met.

"Once or twice we have been there of an evening."

"And encountered, no doubt, the illustrious young minstrel who despises Tasso and Corneille?"

"M. Rameau? Oh yes; he is constantly at the Savarins'. Do not be severe on him. He is unhappy—he is struggling—he is soured. An artist has thorns in his path which lookers-on do not heed."

"All people have thorns in their path, and I have no great respect for those who want lookers-on to heed them whenever they are scratched. But M. Rameau seems to me one of those writers very common nowadays, in France and even in England; writers who have never read anything worth studying, and are, of course, presumptuous in proportion to their ignorance. I should not have thought an artist like yourself could have recognized an artist in a M. Rameau who despises Tasso without knowing Italian."

Graham spoke bitterly; he was once more jealous.

"Are you not an artist yourself? Are you not a writer? M. Savarin told me you were a distinguished man of letters."

"M. Savarin flatters me too much. I am not an artist, and I have a great dislike to that word as it is now hackneyed and vulgarized in England and in France. A cook calls himself an artist; a tailor does the same; a man writes a gaudy melodrame, a spasmodic song, a sensational novel, and straightway he calls himself an artist, and indulges in a pedantic jargon about 'essence' and 'form,' assuring us that a poet we can understand wants essence, and a poet we can scan wants form. Thank heaven, I am not vain enough to call myself artist. I have

written some very dry lucubrations in periodicals, chiefly political, or critical upon other subjects than art. But why, *à propos* of M. Rameau, did you ask me that question respecting myself?"

"Because much in your conversation," answered Isaura, in rather a mournful tone, "made me suppose you had more sympathies with art and its cultivators than you cared to avow. And if you had such sympathies, you would comprehend what a relief it is to a poor aspirant to art like myself to come into communication with those who devote themselves to any art distinct from the common pursuits of the world; what a relief it is to escape from the ordinary talk of society. There is a sort of instinctive freemasonry among us, including masters and disciples, and one art has a fellowship with other arts; mine is but song and music, yet I feel attracted towards a sculptor, a painter, a romance-writer, a poet, as much as towards a singer, a musician. Do you understand why I cannot condemn M. Rameau as you do? I differ from his tastes in literature; I do not much admire such of his writings as I have read; I grant that he overestimates his own genius, whatever that be,—yet I like to converse with him: he is a struggler upward, though with weak wings, or with erring footsteps, like myself."

"Mademoiselle," said Graham, earnestly, "I cannot say how I thank you for this candour. Do not condemn me for abusing it—if——" he paused.

"If what?"

"If I, so much older than yourself—I do not say only in years, but in the experience of life—I, whose lot is cast among those busy and 'positive' pursuits, which necessarily quicken that unromantic faculty called common-sense—if, I say, the deep interest with which you must inspire all whom you admit into an acquaintance, even as unfamiliar as that now between us, makes me utter one caution, such as might be uttered by a friend or brother. Beware of those artistic sympathies which you so touchingly confess; beware how, in the great events of life, you allow fancy to misguide your reason. In choosing friends on whom to rely, separate the artist from the human being. Judge of the human being for what it is in itself. Do not worship the face on the waters, blind to the image on the rock. In one word, never see in an artist like a M. Rameau the human being to whom you could intrust the destinies of your life. Pardon me, pardon me; we may meet little here-

after, but you are a creature so utterly new to me, so wholly unlike any woman I have ever before encountered and admired, and to me seem endowed with such wealth of mind and soul, exposed to such hazard, that—that——" again he paused, and his voice trembled as he concluded—"that it would be a deep sorrow to me if, perhaps years hence, I should have to say, 'Alas! by what mistake has that wealth been wasted!'"

While they had thus conversed, mechanically they had turned away from the house, and were again standing before the arbour.

Graham, absorbed in the passion of his adjuration, had not till now looked into the face of the companion by his side. Now, when he had concluded, and heard no reply, he bent down and saw that Isaura was weeping silently.

His heart smote him.

"Forgive me," he exclaimed, drawing her hand into his; "I have had no right to talk thus; but it was not from want of respect; it was—it was——"

The hand which was yielded to his pressed it gently, timidly, chastely.

"Forgive!" murmured Isaura; "do you think that I, an orphan, have never longed for a friend who would speak to me thus?" And so saying, she lifted her eyes, streaming still, to his bended countenance—eyes, despite their tears, so clear in their innocent limpid beauty, so ingenuous, so frank, so virgin-like, so unlike the eyes of "any other woman he had encountered and admired."

"Alas!" he said, in quick and hurried accents, "you may remember, when we have before conversed, how I, though so uncultured in your art, still recognized its beautiful influence upon human breasts; how I sought to combat your own depreciation of its rank among the elevating agencies of humanity; how, too, I said that no man could venture to ask you to renounce the boards, the lamps—resign the fame of actress, of singer. Well, now that you accord to me the title of friend, now that you so touchingly remind me that you are an orphan—thinking of all the perils the young and beautiful of your sex must encounter when they abandon private life for public—I think that a true friend might put the question, 'Can you resign the fame of actress, of singer?'"

"I will answer you frankly. The profession which once seemed to me so alluring began to lose its charms in my eyes some months ago. It was your words, very eloquently expressed, on the

ennobling effects of music and song upon a popular audience, that counteracted the growing distastè to rendering up my whole life to the vocation of the stage. But now I think I should feel grateful to the friend whose advice interpreted the voice of my own heart, and bade me relinquish the career of actress."

Graham's face was radiant. But whatever might have been his reply was arrested; voices and footsteps were heard behind. He turned round and saw the Venosta, the Savarins, and Gustave Rameau.

Isaura heard and saw also, started in a sort of alarmed confusion, and then instinctively retreated towards the arbour.

Graham hurried on to meet the Signora and the visitors, giving time to Isaura to compose herself by arresting them in the pathway with conventional salutations.

A few moments later Isaura joined them, and there was talk to which Graham scarcely listened, though he shared in it by abstracted monosyllables. He declined going into the house, and took leave at the gate. In parting, his eyes fixed themselves on Isaura. Gustave Rameau was by her side. That nosegay which had been left in the arbour was in her hand; and though she was bending over it, she did not now pluck and scatter the rose-leaves. Graham at that moment felt no jealousy of the fair-faced young poet beside her.

As he walked slowly back, he muttered to himself, "But am I yet in the position to hold myself wholly free? Am I, am I? Were the sole choice before me that between her and ambition and wealth, how soon it would be made! Ambition has no prize equal to the heart of such a woman; wealth no sources of joy equal to the treasure of her love."

CHAPTER III.

FROM ISaura CICOGNA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

THE day after I posted my last, Mr. Vane called on us. I was in our little garden at the time. Our conversation was brief, and soon interrupted by visitors—the Savarins and M. Rameau. I long for your answer. I wonder how he impressed you, if you have met him; how he would impress, if you met him now. To me he is so different from all others; and I scarcely know why his words ring in my ears, and his image rests in my thoughts. It is strange altogether; for though he is young, he

speaks to me as if he were so much older than I—so kindly, so tenderly, yet as if I were a child, and much as the dear *Maestro* might do, if he thought I needed caution or counsel. Do not fancy, Eulalie, that there is any danger of my deceiving myself as to the nature of such interest as he may take in me. Oh no! There is a gulf between us there which he does not lose sight of, and which we could not pass. How, indeed, I could interest him at all I cannot guess. A rich, high-born Englishman, intent on political life; practical, prosaic—no, not prosaic; but still with the kind of sense which does not admit into its range of vision that world of dreams which is familiar as their daily home to Romance and to Art. It has always seemed to me that for love, love such as I conceive it, there must be a deep and constant sympathy between two persons—not, indeed, in the usual and ordinary trifles of taste and sentiment, but in those essentials which form the root of character, and branch out in all the leaves and blooms that expand to the sunshine and shrink from the cold,—that the worldling, should wed the worldling, the artist the artist. Can the realist and the idealist blend together, and hold together till death, and beyond death? If not, can there be true love between them? By true love, I mean the love which interpenetrates the soul, and once given, can never die. Oh, Eulalie—answer me—answer!

P. S.—I have now fully made up my mind to renounce all thought of the stage.

From Madame de Grantmesnil to Isaura Cicogna.

MY DEAR CHILD,—How your mind has grown since you left me, the sanguine and aspiring votary of an art which of all arts brings the most immediate reward to a successful cultivator, and is in itself so divine in its immediate effects upon human souls! Who shall say what may be the after-results of those effects which the waiters on prosperity presume to despise because they are immediate? A dull man, to whose mind a ray of that vague starlight undetected in the atmosphere of workday life has never yet travelled; to whom the philosopher, the preacher, the poet appeal in vain—nay, to whom the conceptions of the grandest master of instrumental music are incomprehensible; to whom Beethoven unlocks no portal in heaven; to whom Rossini has no mysteries on earth unsolved

by the critics of the pit, — suddenly hears the human voice of the human singer, and at the sound of that voice the walls which enclosed him fall. The something far from and beyond the routine of his commonplace existence becomes known to him. He of himself, poor man, can make nothing of it. He cannot put it down on paper, and say the next morning, "I am an inch nearer to heaven than I was last night;" but the feeling that he *is* an inch nearer to heaven abides with him. Unconsciously he is gentler, he is less earthly, and in being nearer to heaven, he is stronger for earth. You singers do not seem to me to understand that you have — to use your own word, so much in vogue that it has become absurd and trite — *a mission*! When you talk of missions, from whom comes the mission? Not from men. If there be a mission from man to men, it must be appointed from on high.

Think of all this; and in being faithful to your art, be true to yourself. If you feel divided between that art and the art of the writer, and acknowledge the first to be too exacting to admit a rival, keep to that in which you are sure to excel. Alas, my fair child! do not imagine that we writers feel a happiness in our pursuits and aims more complete than that which you can command. If we care for 'ame (and, to be frank, we all do) that 'ame does not come before us face to face — a real, visible, palpable form, as it does to the singer, to the actress. I grant that it may be more enduring, but an endurance on the length of which we dare not reckon. A writer cannot be sure of immortality till his language itself be dead; and then he has but to share in an uncertain lottery. Nothing but fragments remains of the Phrynichus, who rivalled Æschylus; of the Agathon, who perhaps excelled Euripides; of the Alcæus, in whom Horace acknowledged a master and a model; their renown is not in their works, it is but in their names. And after all, the names of singers and actors last perhaps as long. Greece retains the name of Polus, Rome of Roscius, England of Garrick, France of Talma, Italy of Pasta, and more lastingly than posterity is likely to retain mine. You address to me a question, which I have often put to myself — "What is the distinction between the writer and the reader, when the reader says, 'These are *my* thoughts, these are *my* feelings; the writer has stolen them, and clothed them with his own words'?" And the more

the reader says this, the more wide is the audience, the more genuine the renown, and, paradox though it seems, the more consummate the originality, of the writer. But no, it is not the mere gift of expression, it is not the mere craft of the pen, it is not the mere taste in arrangement of word and cadence, which thus enables the one to interpret the mind, the heart, the soul of many. It is a power breathed into him as he lay in his cradle, and a power that gathered around itself, as he grew up, all the influences he acquired, whether from observation of external nature, or from study of men and books, or from that experience of daily life which varies with every human being. No education could make two intellects exactly alike, as no culture can make two leaves exactly alike. How truly you describe the sense of dissatisfaction which every writer of superior genius communicates to his admirers! how truly do you feel that the greater is the dissatisfaction in proportion to the writer's genius, and the admirer's conception of it! But that is the mystery which makes — let me borrow a German phrase — the *cloudland* between the finite and the infinite. The greatest philosopher, intent on the secrets of Nature, feels that dissatisfaction in Nature herself. The finite cannot reduce into logic and criticism the infinite.

Let us dismiss these matters, which perplex the reason, and approach that which touches the heart — which in your case, my child, touches the heart of woman. You speak of love, and deem that the love which lasts — the household, the conjugal love — should be based upon such sympathies of pursuit that the artist should wed with the artist.

This is one of the questions you do well to address to me; for whether from my own experience, or from that which I have gained from observation extended over a wide range of life, quickened and intensified by the class of writing that I cultivate, and which necessitates a calm study of the passions, I am an authority on such subjects, better than most women can be. And alas, my child! I come to this result: there is no prescribing to men or to women whom to select, whom to refuse. I cannot refute the axiom of the ancient poet, "In love there is no wherefore." But there is a time — it is often but a moment of time — in which love is not yet a master, in which we can say, "I *will* love — I *will not* love."

Now, if I could find you in such a mo-

ment, I would say to you, "Artist, do not love—do not marry—an artist." Two artistic natures rarely combine. The artistic nature is wonderfully exacting. I fear it is supremely egotistical—so jealously sensitive that it writhes at the touch of a rival. Racine was the happiest of husbands; his wife adored his genius, but could not understand his plays. Would Racine have been happy if he had married a Corneille in petticoats? I who speak have loved an artist, certainly equal to myself. I am sure that he loved me. That sympathy in pursuits of which you speak drew us together, and became very soon the cause of antipathy. To both of us the endeavour to coalesce was misery.

I don't know your M. Rameau. Savarin has sent me some of his writings; from these I judge that his only chance of happiness would be to marry a commonplace woman, with *séparation de biens*. He is, believe me, but one of the many with whom New Paris abounds, who, because they have the infirmities of genius, imagine they have its strength.

I come next to the Englishman. I see how serious is your questioning about him. You not only regard him as a being distinct from the crowd of a *salon*; he stands equally apart in the chamber of your thoughts—you do not mention him in the same letter as that which treats of Rameau and Savarin. He has become already an image not to be lightly mixed up with others. You would rather not have mentioned him at all to me, but you could not resist it. The interest you feel in him so perplexed you, that in a kind of feverish impatience you cry out to me, "Can you solve the riddle? Did you ever know well Englishmen? Can an Englishman be understood out of his island?" &c. &c. Yes, I have known well many Englishmen. In affairs of the heart they are much like all other men. No; I do not know this Englishman in particular, nor any one of his name.

Well, my child, let us frankly grant that this foreigner has gained some hold on your thoughts, on your fancy, perhaps also on your heart. Do not fear that he will love you less enduringly, or that you will become alienated from him, because he is not an artist. If he be a strong nature, and with some great purpose in life, your ambition will fuse itself in his; and knowing you as I do, I believe you would make an excellent wife to an Englishman whom you honoured as well as loved; and sorry though I should be that you

relinquished the singer's fame, I should be consoled in thinking you safe in the woman's best sphere—a contented home, safe from calumny, safe from gossip. I never had that home; and there has been no part in my author's life in which I would not have given all the celebrity it won for the obscure commonplace of such woman lot. Could I move human beings as pawns on a chess-board, I should indeed say that the most suitable and congenial mate for you, for a woman of sentiment and genius, would be a well-born and well-educated German; for such a German unites, with domestic habits and strong sense of family ties, a romance of sentiment, a love of art, a predisposition towards the poetic side of life which is very rare among Englishmen of the same class. But as the German is not forthcoming, I give my vote for the Englishman, provided only you love him. Ah, child, be sure of that. Do not mistake fancy for love. All women do not require love in marriage, but without it that which is best and highest in *you* would wither and die. Write to me often and tell me all. M. Savarin is right. My book is no longer my companion. It is gone from me, and I am once more alone in the world.—Yours affectionately.

P.S.—Is not your postscript a woman's? Does it not require a woman's postscript in reply? You say in yours that you have fully made up your mind to renounce all thoughts of the stage. I ask in mine, "What has the Englishman to do with that determination?"

CHAPTER IV.

SOME weeks have passed since Graham's talk with Isaura in the garden; he has not visited the villa since. His cousins the D'Altons have passed through Paris on their way to Italy, meaning to stay a few days; they stayed nearly a month, and monopolized much of Graham's companionship. Both these were reasons why, in the habitual society of the Duke, Graham's persuasion that he was not yet free to court the hand of Isaura became strengthened, and with that persuasion necessarily came a question equally addressed to his conscience. "If not yet free to court her hand, am I free to expose myself to the temptation of seeking to win her affection?" But when his cousin was gone, his heart began to assert its own rights, to argue its own case, and suggest modes of reconciling its dictates to the obligations which seemed

to oppose them. In this hesitating state of mind he received the following note :—

VILLA ———, LAC D'ENGHIEN.

MY DEAR MR. VANE, — We have retreated from Paris to the banks of this little lake. Come and help to save Frank and myself from quarreling with each other, which, until the Rights of Women are firmly established married folks always will do when left to themselves, especially if they are still lovers, as Frank and I are. Love is a terribly quarrelsome thing. Make us a present of a few days out of your wealth of time. We will visit Montmorency and the haunts of Rousseau — sail on the lake at moonlight — dine at gipsy restaurants under trees not yet embrowned by summer heats — discuss literature and politics — “Shakespeare and the musical glasses” — and be as sociable and pleasant as Boccaccio's tale-tellers at Fiesole. We shall be but a small party, only the Savarins, that unconscious sage and humorist Signora Venosta, and that dimple-cheeked Isaura, who embodies the song of nightingales and the smile of summer. Refuse and Frank shall not have an easy moment till he sends in his claims for 30 millions against the Alabama. — Yours, as you behave,

LIZZIE MORLEY.

Graham did not refuse. He went to Enghien for four days and a quarter. He was under the same roof as Isaura. O those happy days! — so happy that they defy description. But though to Graham the happiest days he had ever known, they were happier still to Isaura. There were drawbacks to his happiness, none to hers, — drawbacks partly from reasons the weight of which the reader will estimate later; partly from reasons the reader may at once comprehend and assess. In the sunshine of her joy, all the vivid colourings of Isaura's artistic temperament came forth, so that what I may call the homely, domestic woman-side of her nature faded into shadow. If, my dear reader, whether you be man or woman, you have come into familiar contact with some creature of a genius to which, even assuming that you yourself have a genius in its own way, you have no special affinities, — have you not felt shy with that creature? Have you not, perhaps, felt how intensely you could love that creature, and doubted if that creature could possibly love you? Now, I think that shyness and that disbelief are common with either man or woman, if, however

conscious of superiority in the prose of life, he or she recognizes inferiority in the poetry of it. And yet this self-abasement is exceedingly mistaken. The poetical kind of genius is so grandly indulgent, so inherently deferential, bows with such unaffected modesty to the superiority in which it fears it may fail (yet seldom does fail) — the superiority of common-sense. And when we come to women, what marvellous truth is conveyed by the woman who has had no superior in intellectual gifts among her own sex! Corinne, crowned at the Capitol, selects out of the whole world, as the hero of her love, no rival poet and enthusiast, but a cold-blooded, sensible Englishman.

Graham Vane, in his strong masculine form of intellect — Graham Vane, from whom I hope much, if he live to fulfil his rightful career — had, not unreasonably, the desire to dominate the life of the woman whom he selected as the partner of his own. But the life of Isaura seemed to escape him. If at moments, listening to her, he would say to himself, “What a companion! — life could never be dull with her” — at other moments he would say, “True, never dull, but would it be always safe?” And then comes in that mysterious power of love which crushes all beneath its feet, and makes us end self-commune by that abject submission of reason, which only murmurs, “Better be unhappy with the one you love, than happy with one whom you do not.” All such self-communes were unknown to Isaura. She lived in the bliss of the hour. If Graham could have read her heart, he would have dismissed all doubt whether he could dominate her life. Could a Fate or an angel have said to her, “Choose, — on one side I promise you the glories of a Catalini, a Pasta, a Sappho, a De Staël, a Georges Sand — all combined into one immortal name; or, on the other side, the whole heart of the man who would estrange himself from you if you had such combination of glories” — her answer would have brought Graham Vane to her feet; all scruples, all doubts, would have vanished; he would have exclaimed with the generosity inherent in the higher order of man, “Be glorious, if your nature wills it so. Glory enough to me that you would have resigned glory itself to become mine.” But how is it that men worth a woman's loving become so diffident when they love intensely? Even in ordinary cases of love there is so ineffable a delicacy in virgin woman, that a man, be he how re-

fined soever, feels himself rough and rude and coarse in comparison. And while that sort of delicacy was pre-eminent in this Italian orphan, there came, to increase the humility of the man so proud and so confident in himself when he had only men to deal with, the consciousness that his intellectual nature was hard and positive beside the angel-like purity and fairy-like play of hers.

There was a strong wish on the part of Mrs. Morley to bring about the union of these two. She had a great regard and a great admiration for both. To her mind, unconscious of all Graham's doubts and prejudices, they were exactly suited to each other. A man of intellect so cultivated as Graham's, if married to a commonplace English "Miss," would surely feel as if life had no sunshine and no flowers. The love of an Isaura would steep it in sunshine, pave it with flowers. Mrs. Morley admitted — all American Republicans of gentle birth do admit — the instincts which lead "like," to match with "like," an equality of blood and race. With all her assertion of the Rights of Woman, I do not think that Mrs. Morley would ever have conceived the possibility of consenting that the richest, and prettiest, and cleverest girl in the States could become the wife of a son of hers if the girl had the taint of the negro blood, even though shown nowhere save the slight distinguishing hue of her fingernails. So, had Isaura's merits been threefold what they were, and she had been the wealthy heiress of a retail grocer, this fair Republican would have opposed (more strongly than many an English duchess, or at least a Scotch duke, would do, the wish of a son), the thought of an alliance between Graham Vane and the grocer's daughter! But Isaura was a Ciccogna — an offspring of a very ancient and very noble house. Disparities of fortune, or mere worldly position, Mrs. Morley supremely despised. Here were the great parities of alliance — parities in years and good looks and mental culture. So, in short, she, in the invitation given to them, had planned for the union between Isaura and Graham.

To this plan she had an antagonist, whom she did not even guess, in Madame Savarin. That lady, as much attached to Isaura as was Mrs. Morley herself, and still more desirous of seeing a girl, brilliant and parentless, transferred from the companionship of Signora Venosta to the protection of a husband, entertained no belief in the serious atten-

tions of Graham Vane. Perhaps she exaggerated his worldly advantages — perhaps she undervalued the warmth of his affections; but it was not within the range of her experience, confined much to Parisian life, nor in harmony with her notions of the frigidity and *morgue* of the English national character, that a rich and high-born young man, to whom a great career in practical public life was predicted, should form a matrimonial alliance with a foreign orphan girl who, if of gentle birth, had no useful connections, would bring no correspondent *dot*, and had been reared and intended for the profession of the stage. She much more feared that the result of any attentions on the part of such a man would be rather calculated, to compromise the orphan's name, or at least to mislead her expectations, than to secure her the shelter of a wedded home. Moreover, she had cherished plans of her own for Isaura's future. Madame Savarin had conceived for Gustave Rameau a friendly regard, stronger than that which Mrs. Morley entertained for Graham Vane, for it was more motherly. Gustave had been familiarized to her sight and her thoughts since he had first been launched into the literary world under her husband's auspices; he had confided to her his mortification in his failures, his joy in his successes. His beautiful countenance, his delicate health, his very infirmities and defects, had endeared him to her womanly heart. Isaura was the wife of all others who, in Madame Savarin's opinion, was made for Rameau. Her fortune, so trivial beside the wealth of the Englishman, would be a competence to Rameau; then that competence might swell into vast riches if Isaura succeeded on the stage. She found with extreme displeasure that Isaura's mind had become estranged from the profession to which she had been destined, and divined that a deference to the Englishman's prejudices had something to do with that estrangement. It was not to be expected that a Frenchwoman, wife to a sprightly man of letters, who had intimate friends and allies in every department of the artistic world, should cherish any prejudice whatever against the exercise of an art in which success achieved riches and renown. But she was prejudiced, as most Frenchwomen are, against allowing to unmarried girls the same freedom and independence of action that are the rights of women — French women — when married. And she would have disapproved the entrance of Isaura

on her professional career until she could enter it as a wife—the wife of an artist—the wife of Gustave Rameau.

Unaware of the rivalry between these friendly diplomatists and schemers, Graham and Isaura glided hourly more and more down the current, which as yet ran smooth. No words by which love is spoken were exchanged between them; in fact, though constantly together, they were very rarely, and then but for moments, alone with each other. Mrs. Morley artfully schemed more than once to give them such opportunities for that mutual explanation of heart which, she saw, had not yet taken place; with art more practised and more watchful, Madame Savarin contrived to baffle her hostess's intention. But, indeed, neither Graham nor Isaura sought to make opportunities for themselves. He, as we know, did not deem himself wholly justified in uttering the words of love by which a man of honour binds himself for life; and she!—what girl, pure-hearted and loving truly, does not shrink from seeking the opportunities which it is for the man to court? Yet Isaura needed no words to tell her that she was loved—no, not even a pressure of the hand, a glance of the eye; she felt it instinctively, mysteriously, by the glow of her own being in the presence of her lover. She knew that she herself could not so love unless she were beloved.

Here woman's wit is keener and truthfuller than man's. Graham, as I have said, did not feel confident that he had reached the heart of Isaura: he was conscious that he had engaged her interest, that he had attracted her fancy; but often, when charmed by the joyous play of her imagination he would sigh to himself, "To natures so gifted what single mortal can be the all in all?"

They spent the summer mornings in excursions round the beautiful neighbourhood, dined early, and sailed on the calm lake at moonlight. Their talk was such as might be expected from lovers of books in summer holidays. Savarin was a critic by profession; Graham Vane, if not that, at least owed such literary reputation as he had yet gained to essays in which the rare critical faculty was conspicuously developed.

It was pleasant to hear the clash of these two minds encountering each other; they differed perhaps less in opinions than in the mode by which opinions are discussed. The Englishman's range of reading was wider than the Frenchman's,

and his scholarship more accurate; but the Frenchman had a compact neatness of expression, a light and nimble grace; whether in the advancing or the retreat of his argument, which covered deficiencies, and often made them appear like merits. Graham was compelled, indeed, to relinquish many of the forces of superior knowledge or graver eloquence, which, with less lively antagonists, he could have brought into the field, for the witty sarcasm of Savarin would have turned them aside as pedantry or declamation. But though Graham was neither dry nor diffuse, and the happiness at his heart brought out the gayety of humour which had been his early characteristic, and yet rendered his familiar intercourse genial and playful,—still there was this distinction between his humour and Savarin's wit, that in the first there was always something earnest, in the last always something mocking. And in criticism Graham seemed ever anxious to bring out a latent beauty, even in writers comparatively neglected. Savarin was acutest when dragging forth a blemish never before discovered in writers universally read.

Graham did not perhaps notice the profound attention with which Isaura listened to him in these intellectual skirmishes with the more glittering Parisian. There was this distinction she made between him and Savarin: when the last spoke she often chimed in with some happy sentiment of her own; but she never interrupted Graham—never intimated a dissent from his theories of art, or the deductions he drew from them; and she would remain silent and thoughtful for some minutes when his voice ceased. There was passing from his mind into hers an ambition which she imagined, poor girl, that he would be pleased to think he had inspired, and which might become a new bond of sympathy between them. But as yet the ambition was vague and timid—an idea or a dream to be fulfilled in some indefinite future.

The last night of this short-lived holiday-time, the party, after staying out on the lake to a later hour than usual, stood lingering still on the lawn of the villa; and their host, who was rather addicted to superficial studies of the positive sciences, including, of course, the most popular of all, astronomy, kept his guests politely listening to speculative conjectures on the probable size of the inhabitants of Sirius—that very distant and

very gigantic inhabitant of heaven who has led philosophers into mortifying reflections upon the utter insignificance of our own poor little planet, capable of producing nothing greater than Shakespeares and Newtons, Aristotles and Cæsars — manikins, no doubt, beside intellects proportioned to the size of the world in which they flourish.

As it chanced, Isaura and Graham were then standing close to each other and a little apart from the rest. "It is very strange," said Graham, laughing low, "how little I care about Sirius. He is the sun of some other system, and is perhaps not habitable at all except by Salamanders. He cannot be one of the stars with which I have established familiar acquaintance, associated with fancies and dreams and hopes, as most of us do, for instance, with Hesperus, the moon's harbinger and comrade. But amid all those stars there is one — not Hesperus — which has always had, from my childhood, a mysterious fascination for me. Knowing as little of astrology as I do of astronomy, when I gaze upon that star I become credulously superstitious, and fancy it has an influence on my life. Have you, too, any favourite star?"

"Yes," said Isaura; "and I distinguish it now, but I do not even know its name, and never would ask it."

"So like me. I would not vulgarize my unknown source of beautiful illusions by giving it the name it takes in technical catalogues. For fear of learning that name I never have pointed it out to any one before. I too at this moment distinguish it apart from all its brotherhood. Tell me which is yours."

Isaura pointed and explained. The Englishman was startled. By what stange coincidence could they both have singled out from all the host of heaven the same favourite star?

"*Cher Vane*," cried Savarin, "Colonel Morley declares that what America is to the terrestrial system Sirius is to the heavenly. America is to extinguish Europe, and then Sirius is to extinguish the world."

"Not for some millions of years; time to look about us," said the Colonel, gravely. "But I certainly differ from those who maintain that Sirius recedes from us. I say that he approaches. The principles of a body so enlightened must be those of progress." Then addressing Graham in English, he added, "There will be a mulling in this fogified planet some day, I predicate. Sirius is a *keen*er!"

"I have not imagination lively enough to interest myself in the destinies of Sirius in connection with our planet at a date so remote," said Graham, smiling. Then he added in a whisper to Isaura, "My imagination does not carry me farther than to wonder whether this day twelvemonth — the 8th of July — we two shall both be singling out that same star, and gazing on it as now, side by side."

This was the sole utterance of that sentiment in which the romance of love is so rich that the Englishman addressed to Isaura during those memorable summer days at Enghien.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning the party broke up. Letters had been delivered both to Savarin and Graham, which, even had the day for departure not been fixed, would have summoned them away. On reading his letter, Savarin's brow became clouded. He made a sign to his wife after breakfast, and wandered away with her down an alley in the little garden. His trouble was of that nature which a wife either soothes or aggravates, according sometimes to her habitual frame of mind, sometimes to the mood of temper in which she may chance to be; — a household trouble, a pecuniary trouble.

Savarin was by no means an extravagant man. His mode of living, though elegant and hospitable, was modest compared to that of many French authors inferior to himself in the fame which at Paris brings a very good return in francs. But his station itself as the head of a powerful literary clique necessitated many expenses which were too congenial to his extreme good-nature to be regulated by strict prudence. His hand was always open to distressed writers and struggling artists, and his sole income was derived from his pen and a journal in which he was chief editor and formerly sole proprietor. But that journal had of late not prospered. He had sold or pledged a considerable share in the proprietorship. He had been compelled also to borrow a sum large for him, and the debt, obtained from a retired *bourgeois* who lent out his moneys "by way," he said, "of maintaining an excitement and interest in life," would in a few days become due. The letter was not from that creditor, but it was from his publisher, containing a very disagreeable statement of accounts, pressing for settlement, and declining an offer of Savarin's for a new book (not yet begun) except upon terms that the author

valued himself too highly to accept. Altogether, the situation was unpleasant. There were many times in which Madame Savarin presumed to scold her distinguished husband for his want of prudence and thrift. But those were never the times when scolding could be of no use. It could clearly be of no use now. Now was the moment to cheer and encourage him, to reassure him as to his own undiminished powers and popularity, for he talked dejectedly of himself as obsolete and passing out of fashion; to convince him also of the impossibility that the ungrateful publisher whom Savarin's more brilliant successes had enriched could encounter the odium of hostile proceedings; and to remind him of all the authors, all the artists, whom he, in their earlier difficulties, had so liberally assisted, and from whom a sum sufficing to pay off the *bourgeois* creditor when the day arrived could now be honourably asked and would be readily contributed. In this last suggestion the homely prudent good sense of Madame Savarin failed her. She did not comprehend that delicate pride of honour which, with all his Parisian frivolities and cynicism, dignified the Parisian man of genius. Savarin could not, to save his neck from a rope, have sent round the begging-hat to friends whom he had obliged. Madame Savarin was one of those women with large-lobed ears, who can be wonderfully affectionate, wonderfully sensible; admirable wives and mothers, and yet are deficient in artistic sympathies with artistic natures. Still, a really good honest wife is such an incalculable blessing to her lord, that, at the end of the talk in the solitary *allée*, this man of exquisite *finesse*, of the undefinably high-bred temperament, and, alas! the painfully morbid susceptibility, which belong to the genuine artistic character, emerged into the open sunlit lawn with his crest uplifted, his lip curved upward in its joyous mockery, and perfectly persuaded that somehow or other he should put down the offensive publisher, and pay off the unoffending creditor when the day for payment came. Still he had judgment enough to know that to do this he must get back to Paris, and could not dawdle away precious hours in discussing the principles of poetry with Graham Vane.

There was only one thing, apart from "the begging-hat," in which Savarin dissented from his wife. She suggested his starting a new journal in conjunction with Gustave Rameau, upon whose genius

and the expectations to be formed from it (here she was tacitly thinking of Isaura wedded to Rameau, and more than a Malibran on the stage) she insisted vehemently. Savarin did not thus estimate Gustave Rameau — thought him a clever promising young writer in a very bad school of writing, who might do well some day or other. But that a Rameau could help a Savarin to make a fortune! No; at that idea he opened his eyes, patted his wife's shoulder, and called her "*enfant*."

Graham's letter was from M. Renard, and ran thus: —

MONSIEUR, — I had the honour to call at your apartment this morning, and I write this line to the address given to me by your *concierge* to say that I have been fortunate enough to ascertain that the relation of the missing lady is now at Paris. I shall hold myself in readiness to attend your summons. — Deign to accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my profound consideration. J. RENARD.

This communication sufficed to put Graham into very high spirits. Anything that promised success to his research seemed to deliver his thoughts from a burthen and his will from a fetter. Perhaps in a few days he might frankly and honourably say to Isaura words which would justify his retaining longer, and pressing more ardently, the delicate hand which trembled in his as they took leave.

On arriving at Paris, Graham despatched a note to M. Renard requesting to see him, and received a brief line in reply that M. Renard feared he should be detained on other and important business till the evening, but hoped to call at eight o'clock. A few minutes before that hour he entered Graham's apartment.

"You have discovered the uncle of Louise Duval!" exclaimed Graham; "of course you mean M. de Mauléon, and he is at Paris?"

"True so far, Monsieur; but do not be too sanguine as to the results of the information I can give you. Permit me, as briefly as possible, to state the circumstances. When you acquainted me with the fact that M. de Mauléon was the uncle of Louise Duval, I told you that I was not without hopes of finding him out, though so long absent from Paris. I will now explain why. Some months ago, one of my colleagues engaged in the political department (which I am not) was sent to Lyons, in consequence of some

suspicious conceived by the loyal authorities there of a plot against the Emperor's life. The suspicions were groundless, the plot a mare's nest. But my colleague's attention was especially drawn towards a man, not mixed up with the circumstances from which a plot had been inferred, but deemed in some way or other a dangerous enemy to the Government. Ostensibly, he exercised a modest and small calling as a sort of *courtier* or *agent de change*; but it was noticed that certain persons familiarly frequenting his apartment, or to whose houses he used to go at night, were disaffected to the Government—not by any means of the lowest rank—some of them rich malcontents who had been devoted Orleanists; others, disappointed aspirants to office or the 'cross'; one or two well-born and opulent fanatics dreaming of another Republic. Certain very able articles in the journals of the excitable *Midi*, though bearing another signature, were composed or dictated by this man—articles evading the censure and penalties of the law, but very mischievous in their tone. All who had come into familiar communication with this person were impressed with a sense of his powers; and also with a vague belief that he belonged to a higher class in breeding and education than that of a petty *agent de change*. My colleague set himself to watch the man, and took occasions of business at his little office to enter into talk with him. Not by personal appearance, but by voice, he came to a conclusion that the man was not wholly a stranger to him; a peculiar voice with a slight Norman breadth of pronunciation, though a Parisian accent; a voice very low, yet very distinct—very masculine, yet very gentle. My colleague was puzzled, till late one evening he observed the man coming out of the house of one of these rich malcontents, the rich malcontent himself accompanying him. My colleague, availing himself of the dimness of light, as the two passed into a lane which led to the agent's apartment, contrived to keep close behind and listen to their conversation. But of this he heard nothing—only, when at the end of the lane, the rich man turned abruptly, shook his companion warmly by the hand, and parted from him, saying, 'Never fear; all shall go right with you, my dear Victor.' At the sound of that name 'Victor,' my colleague's memories, before so confused, became instantaneously clear. Previous to entering our service, he had been in the horse business—a votary of

the turf; as such he had often seen the brilliant '*sportman*,' Victor de Mauléon; sometimes talked to him. Yes, that was the voice—the slight Norman intonation (Victor de Mauléon's father had it strongly, and Victor had passed some of his early childhood in Normandy), the subdued modulation of speech which had made so polite the offence to men, or so winning the courtship to women—that was Victor de Mauléon. But why there in that disguise? What was his real business and object? My *confrère* had no time allowed to him to prosecute such inquiries. Whether Victor or the rich malcontent had observed him at their heels, and feared he might have overheard their words, I know not, but the next day appeared in one of the popular journals circulating among the *ouvriers*, a paragraph stating that a Paris spy had been seen at Lyons, warning all honest men against his machinations, and containing a tolerably accurate description of his person. And that very day, on venturing forth, my estimable colleague suddenly found himself hustled by a ferocious throng, from whose hands he was with great difficulty rescued by the municipal guard. He left Lyons that night; and for recompense of his services received a sharp reprimand from his chief. He had committed the worst offence in our profession, *trop de zèle*. Having only heard the outlines of the story from another, I repaired to my *confrère* after my last interview with Monsieur, and learned what I now tell you from his own lips. As he was not in my branch of the service, I could not order him to return to Lyons; and I doubt whether his chief would have allowed it. But I went to Lyons myself, and there ascertained that our supposed Vicomte had left that town for Paris some months ago, not long after the adventure of my colleague. The man bore a very good character generally—was said to be very honest and inoffensive; and the notice taken of him by persons of higher rank was attributed generally to a respect for his talents, and not on account of any sympathy in political opinions. I found that the *confrère* mentioned, and who alone could identify M. de Mauléon in the disguise which the Vicomte had assumed, was absent on one of those missions abroad in which he is chiefly employed. I had to wait for his return, and it was only the day before yesterday that I obtained the following particulars. M. de Mauléon bears the same name as he did at Lyons—that name is Jean Lebeau;

he exercises the ostensible profession of 'a letter-writer,' and a sort of adviser on business among the workmen and petty *bourgeoisie*, and he nightly frequents the *Café Jean Jacques, Rue —, Faubourg Montmartre*. It is not yet quite half-past eight, and no doubt, you could see him at the *café* this very night, if you thought proper to go."

"Excellent! I will go! Describe him!"

"Alas! that is exactly what I cannot do at present. For after hearing what I now tell you, I put the same request you do to my colleague, when, before he could answer me, he was summoned to the *bureau* of his chief, promising to return and give me the requisite description. He did not return. And I find that he was compelled, on quitting his chief, to seize the first train starting for Lille upon an important political investigation which brooked no delay. He will be back in a few days, and then Monsieur shall have the description."

"Nay: I think I will seize time by the forelock, and try my chance to-night. If the man be really a conspirator, and it looks likely enough, who knows but what he may see quick reason to take alarm and vanish from Paris at any hour? *Café Jean Jacques, Rue —, I will go*. Stay; you have seen Victor de Mauléon in his youth: what was he like then?"

"Tall — slender — but broad-shouldered — very erect — carrying his head high — a profusion of dark curls — a small black moustache — fair clear complexion — light-coloured eyes with dark lashes — *fort bel homme*. But he will not look like that now."

"His present age?"

"Forty-seven or forty-eight. But before you go, I must beg you to consider well what you are about. It is evident that M. de Mauléon has some strong reason, whatever it be, for merging his identity in that of Jean Lebeau. I presume, therefore, that you could scarcely go up to M. Lebeau, when you have discovered him, and say, 'Pray M. le Vicomte, can you give me some tidings of your niece, Louise Duval?' If you thus accosted him, you might possibly bring some danger on yourself, but you would certainly gain no information from him."

"True."

"On the other hand, if you make his acquaintance as M. Lebeau, how can you assume him to know anything about Louise Duval?"

"*Parbleu!* M. Renard, you try to toss

me aside on both horns of the dilemma; but it seems to me that, if I once make his acquaintance as M. Lebeau, I might gradually and cautiously feel my way as to the best mode of putting the question to which I seek reply. I suppose too, that the man must be in very poor circumstances to adopt so humble a calling, and that a small sum of money may smooth all difficulties."

"I am not so sure of that," said M. Renard, thoughtfully; "but grant that money may do so, and grant also that the Vicomte, being a needy man, has become a very unscrupulous one, — is there anything in your motives for discovering Louise Duval which might occasion you trouble and annoyance, if it were divined by a needy and unscrupulous man? — anything which might give him a power of threat or extortion? Mind, I am not asking you to tell me any secret you have reasons for concealing, but I suggest that it might be prudent if you did not let M. Lebeau know your real name and rank — if, in short, you could follow his example and adopt a disguise. But no; when I think of it, you would doubtless be so unpractised in the art of disguise, that he would detect you at once to be other than you seem; and if suspecting you of spying into his secrets, and if those secrets be really of a political nature, your very life might not be safe."

"Thank you for your hint — the disguise is an excellent idea, and combines amusement with precaution. That this Victor de Mauléon must be a very unprincipled and dangerous man is, I think, abundantly clear. Granting that he was innocent of all designs of robbery in the affair of the jewels, still the offence which he did own — that of admitting himself at night by a false key into the rooms of a wife, whom he sought to surprise or terrify into dishonour — was a villanous action; and his present course of life is sufficiently mysterious to warrant the most unfavourable supposition. Besides, there is another motive for concealing my name from him: you say that he once had a duel with a Vane, who was very probably my father, and I have no wish to expose myself to the chance of his turning up in London some day, and seeking to renew there the acquaintance that I had courted at Paris. As for my skill in playing any part I may assume, do not fear. I am no novice in that. In my younger days I was thought clever in private theatricals, especially in the transformations of appearance which belong

to light comedy and farce. Wait a few minutes, and you shall see."

Graham then retreated into his bedroom, and in a few minutes reappeared so changed, that Renard at first glance took him for a stranger. He had doffed his dress—which habitually, when in Capitals, was characterized by the quiet, indefinable elegance that to a man of the great world, high-bred and young, seems "to the manner born"—for one of those coarse suits which Englishmen are wont to wear in their travels, and by which they are represented in French or German caricatures—loose jacket of tweed, with redundant pockets, waistcoat to match, short dust-coloured trousers. He had combed his hair straight over his forehead, which, as I have said somewhere before, appeared in itself to alter the character of his countenance, and without any resort to paints or cosmetics, had somehow or other given to the expression of his face an impudent, low-bred expression, with a glass screwed on to his right eye, such a look as a cockney journeyman, wishing to pass for a "swell" about town, may cast on a servant-maid in the pit of a suburban theatre.

"Will it do, old fellow?" he exclaimed, in a rollicking, swaggering tone of voice, speaking French with a villanous British accent.

"Perfectly," said M. Renard, laughing. "I offer my compliments, and if ever you are ruined, Monsieur, I will promise you a place in our police. Only one caution—take care not to overdo your part."

"Right. A quarter to nine—I'm off."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LA ROQUETTE, 24TH MAY, 1871.

It would have been difficult to have imagined a scene more suggestive of gaiety and pleasure and light-hearted *insouciance*, than that which surrounded me on a certain afternoon in last September, as I drove through the crowded streets of beautiful Paris.

There was a deep blue sky, stainless and serene, with glorious sunshine flooding the broad Boulevards, glittering on the golden dome of the Invalides, and transmuting the sparkling Seine into a river of light. As yet untinged by autumn, the luxuriant trees in the now open garden hid the scorched windows of the Tuileries, and gathered beneath their shade

many a merry group, who had assembled to hear the bands of music stationed there,—thousands more strolling in the Champs Elysées enjoyed the manifold amusements offered to them on every side, as if life had not a care or a regret, while the crowds in the streets seemed to have no weightier occupation than to admire the treasures of art and luxury displayed behind the flashing plate glass of the shop windows. It was hard to believe that this was the city which, but a year and a half before, had been steeped in blood and wrapped in flame, or these the people who had passed through the wasting horrors of the siege and the darker terrors of the Commune: yet through the midst of this gay and pleasant scene, I was hastening on to that which may be considered as the representative centre of all the woes that marked France's *année douloureuse*, the ghastly spot where her bleeding tortured capital endured the very heart-pang of her long agony. One could but imagine that her strange light-hearted children had altogether forgotten what that building was, which I soon saw rising up grim and menacing before me, or remembered it only with the uneasy shame of wounded vanity which made them seek to ignore and repudiate the terrible past.

Some indication of this feeling there was in the look and bearing of our coachman, when the gentlemen who accompanied me gave him the order to drive us to our destination: there was no alert response, polite and smiling after the manner of Frenchmen, but in silence he stared straight before him, with so impassible a look that my friend imagined that he had not understood his direction.

"Did you hear where I wished you to go?" he asked.

"I heard you well enough," the man answered; and while we still waited, uncertain if he really comprehended, he muttered with a dark frown, "You told me to go to La Roquette;" and then did not speak another word throughout the whole long distance to and fro.

The prison of La Roquette is divided by the street of the same name into two distinct portions; that on the left, leading from the Place de la Bastille to Père la Chaise, is entirely given up to the "*jeunes détenus*," great numbers of whom are incarcerated there; while the part on the other side, at the gate of which we alighted, bears the sinister name of the *Dépôt des Condamnés*.

It has, in truth, always been the recep-

tacle of those condemned to death, and criminals are guillotined in the open space in front of the great entrance, — Troppman, who murdered the family at Pantin, having been the last to undergo the sentence; but it is also the place of punishment for those who are convicted of the gravest crimes, even if they have escaped the extreme penalty.

It is not now by any means an easy matter to obtain leave to visit the Dépôt des Condamnés. The event which has for ever branded the name of La Roquette with infamy, has so powerful an influence in a thousand different ways on the passions of the people, that it is with great reluctance the authorities ever allow the fatal recollection of the 24th of May, 1871, to be aroused by visitors to the scene of that day's terrible tragedy. An order of admission can only be given by the Minister of the Interior, but at the request of one of the foreign ambassadors I obtained one, which, however, though asked in my name, was made out in his, so that he was obliged to accompany me himself to the prison. Notwithstanding that we were furnished with this important-looking official document, my friend felt somewhat doubtful whether I should succeed in my object, which was to visit the scenes of the last sufferings of the Archbishop of Paris — for unless the officers of the gaol discovered my purpose of their own accord, he did not see how it would be possible for us to allude in the presence of Frenchmen to that which must always be so bitter and shameful a memory for France.

The coachman stopped at some little distance from the gate, and we did not ask him to draw nearer, but walked on to the *conciergerie* which divided the outer from the inner entrance. The porter looked at our order of admission in grim silence, and opening a side door in his own lodge, he pointed across a large courtyard paved with stone, and told us we should find Monsieur le Directeur at the door of the prison itself, which was placed at the end of it.

A flight of steps led to a wide portico, and there in the shade sat a tall stout man talking to several of the officials who were standing round him. One of them at once named him as the Director. He, too, read the order in silence, and, then, rising asked us to follow him. We passed through a room apparently intended for the use of the *gardiens* or turnkeys, beyond which was a passage leading into the interior of the building, but separated

from it by a huge door in which was a *guichet*. Here an official stood, who appeared to be only second in importance to the Director himself, for he showed him the order, and then said, pointing to my companion —

"You will take Son Excellence wherever he wishes to go through the prison, but Madame, you are aware, cannot be allowed to see the convicts."

"It was precisely to accompany the lady that I came," said my friend; "can she not visit some part of the prison at least?"

"What is it she wishes to see?" asked the Director abruptly — which question produced the unusual sight of a diplomatist at fault. Son Excellence hesitated, smiled benignly, and looked at me.

"I do not in the least care to see the prisoners," I said.

"What, then?" said the Director.

"If, perhaps," said my companion, in a very insinuating tone, "the cell where the Archbishop —"

The Director interrupted him: "I understand — that is possible. If Madame will wait in the *gardiens'* room while you visit the prisoners, we will see what can be done when you return."

Son Excellence had not the smallest desire to see the prisoners, but expressed the highest satisfaction in the prospect, and departed with the head *gardien* while I went back into the turnkeys' room with one of the officials, who brought forward the only easy-chair the place contained for my accommodation. He was a middle-aged man, with keen black eyes, and a rather fine face. He remarked civilly, as I sat down, that he was sorry on my account that ladies were not allowed to visit the prisoners.

"What harm are we supposed to do them?" I asked.

"You would not hurt them," he said, with a smile, "but the convicts here are the very lowest of criminals and they are so utterly brutish, that they could not be trusted to conduct themselves properly in your presence. *Tenez*," he added, "you can judge for yourself;" and opening the *guichet* in the door, he made me a sign to look through it. I did so, and saw a large open courtyard with a fountain in the middle, where at least a hundred convicts were passing their brief time of recreation; and I must own that I never in my life before saw such an assemblage of villanous-looking men, whose whole appearance indicated that they belonged to the lowest type of humanity. Unaware

as they were that they were being observed, the men's gestures and language were so revolting that I hurried away at once, and the turnkey closed the *guichet* and followed me back into the room.

He seemed well disposed to converse, and I asked him if he had been at La Roquette during the siege.

"Through the whole of it," he answered, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

"And during the Commune also?"

He turned round and said quickly, "Madame est Française?"

"No, I am English, but I am *Française de cœur*—you understand?"

"Perfectly," he answered, nodding his head. "Well, then, Madame, I was indeed here during the Commune, and I remained—yes, I remained till——"

"Until the end?" I said.

"Till seven o'clock on the evening of the 24th of May," he answered, turning vehemently towards me; "and then, when I saw them loading their rifles to shoot that good, that defenceless old man, I could bear it no longer—*je me suis sauvé*. I fled out of La Roquette at the risk of my life. If they had caught me, they would have shot me too; but I was within these walls all the time Monseigneur was here. I saw how they treated him and the unfortunate men who were with him. I could not help him, of course—*mais c'était infame!* I never thought to the last they would kill him, but when I did actually hear the order given—ah! it was too much!" The turnkey said all this with the greatest rapidity, as if with a sense of relief in telling what he had felt; but just at that moment the Director came into the room, whereupon in an instant my friend was standing up erect, with his back to me, looking as if he were not aware that I was present at all, whilst a quick glance towards me, as he turned away, showed me that he wished me to look equally unconscious of his vicinity. The Director glanced round, and then went out again, apparently having had no other purpose but to see what I was doing. As soon as he had gone well out of sight and hearing, the turnkey came back, and, standing before me, began to pour out a history of all he had done and said during that fatal week of May, with a vehemence of voice and gesture which no words can reproduce. I asked him when he returned to La Roquette after his flight, and he answered, not till the Sunday following the Wednesday on which the Archbishop

was murdered; not till all was over, and the Versailles in full possession of the city, with all its prisons and palaces. In the interval he had gone to Montmartre, and had witnessed the last desperate resistance of the Communists there, and afterwards in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

"It was like hell upon earth," he said, "as the shot and shell rained down upon the people whose frenzy of excitement made them court death in the streets. They were *broyés*, Madame, and men and women alike used the last energies of life, even as they expired, in hurling back destruction on their foes—their foes! who were children of France like themselves, their countrymen, their brothers!" As he spoke, the very vigour and earnestness of his description made it impossible to note all he said, but at the moment he brought before my eyes such a picture of the horrors of the Commune, as I could not even have imagined before.

"May Paris never know such a time again!" I said.

"Ah, Madame!" he answered, "*La France est malade*, ill with a chronic malady; and, like a sick person, she requires to be bled from time to time, every twenty years or so, but they bleed her at the heart, they bleed Paris, and she will require it again—*Dieu veuille* that I do not live to see it!"

He was all quivering with excitement as he spoke—but suddenly he subsided into his official stiffness and composure when he saw the head *gardien* appear along with my friend. They had come to take me to that portion of the prison which had been inhabited by Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, and his companions in death, and which, it seemed, was under the exclusive care of this superior officer. He was a tall, grey-haired old man, with a thoughtful, rather melancholy expression of face; and a few words which he casually dropped as he led the way, showed me that it would depend entirely on his will how much or how little we saw, and also that to him the murdered Archbishop had been an object of the deepest veneration and respect.

During my rather lengthened stay in Paris I had become aware, that amid the chaos of conflicting ideas which makes up the sum of public opinion at the present juncture, the one subject on which popular feeling differs most widely is the fate of Monseigneur Darboy. There is a deeply-rooted impression amongst the

lower classes that the Archbishop concealed immense stores of provisions during the whole of the siege, on purpose that the poor might be starved. It is hardly necessary to say how utterly false is this accusation against a charitable and gentle old man; but the assertion has been repeatedly made to myself, by persons of humble station, with a vehemence which brooked no contradiction, and its almost universal acceptance amongst them is perfectly well known: the obvious inference drawn by them is, that his dreadful death is a just and right retribution; while on the other hand, all the more respectable classes who adhere to the Church believe, that living, he was a true father to his people, and in death a martyr and a saint.

I soon saw that the head *gardien* was one of these last, and that any reluctance he might feel in showing us the scenes of the massacre, would be from the fear that these "lieux saints," as he called them, might be profaned by indifferent or hostile spectators. It was not difficult, therefore, to satisfy him completely on that score as regarded ourselves; and in answer to my petition that he would not exclude me from any part of the prison connected with the terrible tragedy, he turned towards me and said emphatically, "Madame, to you I will gladly show everything without the smallest reserve, for I see that you will respect the memory of the holy dead; you shall go over every inch of ground where Monseigneur trod, from the moment he entered the prison till he departed from this world altogether; and I will tell you every circumstance of the forty-eight hours he passed within those walls:" and he did so, with a minuteness of detail which, joined to the sight of the actual localities, made me almost feel as if I had myself followed the steps of the victims and their murderers, even to the end. The *gardien* took us first into a room on the ground floor, where, he said, ordinary criminals condemned to the guillotine make their "*toilette de mort*," interpreting the ghastly term by saying that their hair had to be cut, and their upper clothes removed, and he instanced Troppman as the last who had been so "dressed" in this room; but when I asked if Monseigneur had been brought here, he shook his head, and said they gave him no time for preparation of any kind. Then we went up a wide stone staircase, at the top of which was an immense dormitory for the prisoners at present under sentence. The

beds were placed close together, with arrangements for a complete system of surveillance, by means of *guichets* in the partitions which divided them from the officers' rooms.

"I wish you to look at these beds," said the *gardien*, "used by the worst *canaille* of Paris, that you may note the difference when you see what was provided for Monseigneur."

They were excellent beds, far more comfortable than those given to our prisoners in England—consisting of a high spring mattress over which was one of flock, with good sheets, blankets, and pillows; they were perfectly clean, and the *gardien* said the linen was constantly changed.

"The convicts are better lodged than our soldiers," he added, "but now, Madame, will you pass into this corridor? It was here that Monseigneur was brought at once on his arrival from the prison of Mazas on the 22nd of May, 1871."

The near approach of the army of Versailles on the evening of that day had decided the authorities of the Commune to proceed to the murder of the hostages, and the whole number, most of whom were priests, were conveyed for that purpose from the Mazas, where they had been confined for some weeks, to the Dépôt des Condamnés.

Although the entire period of their imprisonment had been spent under the same roof, the hostages had never met till the moment when, on this evening, they were thrust, in parties of twenty and thirty, into the great open waggons belonging to the Lyons Railway, which had been brought to convey them to La Roquette, and in which they were exposed to the full view of the crowd. Some of them belonged to the same religious house—that of the Jesuits, Rue de Sèvres; many had been friends, and to all at least the Archbishop was known: but although they pressed each other's hand with mournful significance, it is said that no word was spoken amongst them during their course through the insurgent quarters of the Faubourg St. Antoine and La Bastille, where the frenzied populace followed them with the coarsest insults and menaces, excepting once, when one of the priests bent forward to the Archbishop, and pointing to the crowd said, "*Hélas! Monseigneur, voilà donc votre peuple!*"

Night had fallen when they arrived at La Roquette, and a brigadier carrying a

lantern conducted them into the part of the prison where we now stood. It was a wide corridor, with long rows of cells on either side, and on the left hand a space in the centre was left vacant to admit of a window giving light to the whole; at the end was a corkscrew stair leading down to the outer court. The prisoners were immediately thrust into the cells, one by one, and left there for the night in pitch darkness, so that they did not know till next morning what sort of a place they were in.

"This was the cell occupied by Monseigneur on that night," said the *gardien*; and he opened the first door to the right and told me to go in. There was literally scarcely room for more than one person in the small narrow den into which I entered, and it contained nothing whatever but one wretched little bed, infinitely less comfortable in every way than those we had seen in the large dormitory. "But," I was told, "none who ever entered here had need of furniture, or would be likely to find rest on even the most luxurious couch, for those only passed this threshold who knew that the executioner was awaiting them, and that their grave was already dug."

This cell was separated from the one next to it by a partition which divided in two the small window that gave light to both. The *gardien* told me to go up close to that part of the window which was in the Archbishop's cell, and, going into the next himself, he showed me that it was possible for the prisoners respectively occupying them to converse together, and even to touch each other's hands—as there was a space of a few inches left between the end of the partition and the panes of glass. The *gardien* then told me that Monsieur Bonjean, Président de la Cour de Cassation, had been imprisoned in the second, and when it was discovered that Monseigneur and he were holding communication together, the Archbishop was at once removed to a place of stricter confinement, which should be shown to me at the other end of the corridor. He remained four-and-twenty hours in the cell where I stood—from the evening of the 22nd to that of the 23rd. On the morning of this latter day the prisoners had been allowed to go down for half an hour into what is called the "premier chemin de ronde"—that is, the first of two narrow stone-paved courtyards which surround La Roquette on three sides, and are separated from each other and from the outer world by

very high walls. The Archbishop, however, felt too weak and ill to avail himself of the permission, and spent the greater part of the day lying in a half fainting state on his miserable bed. In addition to his other sufferings, he was starving of hunger, for the Commune had been driven back by the army of Versailles into the eleventh arrondissement, where alone therefore they were in power; and the supply of food being very scanty, the hostages were, of course, the last for whom they cared to provide. One of the Jesuit priests, Père Olivaint, who, four days later, was massacred in the terrible carnage of the Rue Haxo, had, however, secretly brought into the prison a little food, which had been conveyed to him by his friends while imprisoned at Mazas.

During the brief time of recreation, he was able to obtain access to the Archbishop, and, kneeling on the ground beside him, he fed him with a small piece of cake and a tablet of chocolate; and this was all the nourishment the poor old man received during the forty-eight hours he passed at La Roquette. Père Olivaint comforted him also with the promise of the highest consolation he could have in the hour of death, as he knew that he would have it in his power to give him the holy Viaticum at the last supreme moment. Four portions of the reserved Sacrament had been conveyed to the priest, when in Mazas, in a little common card-box, which I saw at the Jesuits' house in the Rue de Sèvres, where it is preserved as a precious relic, and this he had succeeded in bringing concealed on his breast to La Roquette.

It had been intended that this day, the 23rd, should witness the murder of the hostages, and the order was, in fact, given for the immediate execution of the whole of the prisoners who had been brought in the evening before; but the Director, shrinking in horror from the task, succeeded in evading it, at least for a time, by pretending that there was an informality in the order. This day passed over, therefore, leaving them all still alive, but without the smallest hope of ultimate rescue.

In the course of the afternoon the Archbishop's intercourse with Monsieur Bonjean having been discovered, he was moved into cell No. 23, which we now went on to see. On our way towards it, the *gardien* took us down a side passage, and, opening a door, introduced us into a gallery, which we found formed part of

the chapel, and was the place from which the prisoners of this corridor heard mass. Just opposite to us, on the same side with the High Altar, was a sort of balcony, enclosed by boards painted black and white, and surmounted by a cross, in which the *gardien* told us criminals condemned to death were placed to hear the mass offered for them just before their execution.

"Was the Archbishop allowed to come here for any service?" I asked.

"Monseigneur! no, indeed! to perform any religious duty was the last thing they would have allowed him to do. He was never out of his cell but once, and that was on the morning of the day he died. I will show you afterwards where he went then. *Voilà notre brave aumônier*," continued the *gardien*, pointing to an old priest who was sitting at a table in the body of the church, with two of the convicts seated beside him; "he is such a kind friend to all those wretches, but, unfortunately, he was at Mazas when Monseigneur was here."

He now took us back to the Archbishop's last abode. The door of cell No. 23, unlike those of all the others which stood open, was not only closed, but heavily barred and bolted.

"This cell," said the *gardien*, "has never been used or touched in any way since Monseigneur occupied it—it has been kept in precisely the same state as that in which he left it—the bed has not even been made; you will see it exactly as it was when he rose from it at the call of those who summoned him out to die."

It seemed at first rather doubtful whether we should see it, for the *gardien* had taken a key from his pocket while he was speaking, and was now trying to unlock the door and open the many bolts, which were stiff and rusty from long disuse. With the exertion of his utmost strength he could not for a long time move them all, and I thought, as the harsh grating noise of the slowly turning key echoed through the corridor, how terrible that sound must have been to the unfortunate Archbishop, when he last heard it, accompanied by coarse and cruel menaces shouted through the door, which told him it was opening to bring him out to a bitter death. The *gardien* made so many ineffectual efforts before he succeeded, that I felt quite afraid it would not be possible for him to admit us, and I said so to him, with an exclamation of satisfaction, when I saw

the heavy bolts at last give way. He had by this time quite discovered the interest I took in the object of his own almost passionate veneration and love, and, turning to me, he said, "Madame, I would have opened this door for you if I had been obliged to send for a locksmith to do it, for I see how you feel for our martyred father; but you may well be content to gain admission to this cell, for thousands have asked to see it and have been refused. I am sole guardian of it, and I keep the key by my side all day, and under my pillow at night, and those only enter here who have some strong claim for admission."

He threw open the door as he spoke, standing back to let me pass, and I went in. I stood for a few minutes within that miserable cell, unable to speak, so great was the shock I received from the conviction of the absolute malignity which must have dictated the arrangements of the poor Archbishop's last resting-place on earth. Having seen the other cells, and the comparatively comfortable beds provided for even the worst criminals amongst the convicts, I saw that it must have been a studied purpose which had prepared so squalid and revolting a couch for the aged and dying "father of his people." A low, rude framework of wood, totally different from the iron bedsteads in the other rooms, was spread with a palliasse of the coarsest description, torn open down the centre, so that the straw—far from clean—with which it was scantily filled was all exposed to view; over this was thrown one ragged woollen covering, stained and black, as if it had been left unwashed after long use in some low locality, and one very small, hard bolster, which, apparently from similar usage, had lost all appearance of having ever been white: in so many words, the whole furniture of the bed looked as if it had been extracted from the lowest and darkest den in the worst quarters of Paris, for the express purpose of making such a couch as one would shrink from touching with the tip of one's fingers. I need not enter into the details which made me with justice call it revolting, but I am sure that no English gentleman would have bid his dog lie down upon it. Such as it was, however, the Archbishop, faint and failing in the long death-agony which began for him when he entered La Roquette, had been fain to stretch upon it his worn-out frame and aching limbs—but not to sleep, for the *gardien* believed he never closed his eyes in that his last

night on earth. It was strictly true that everything had been religiously preserved in the precise state in which he left it—we could see that the bed had not been touched; the pillow was still displaced, as it had been by the uneasy movements of the poor grey head that assuredly had found no rest thereon, and the woollen cover was still thrown back, just as the Archbishop's own hand had flung it off when he rose at the call of his murderers, to look for the last time on the face of God's fair sun.

"Et il faisait un si beau temps," as an eye-witness said of that day. "Mon Dieu! quelle belle journée de printemps nous avions ce maudit vingt-quatre Mai!" One happy recollection alone relieves the atmosphere of cruelty and hate which seems to hang round the stone walls of this death-chamber—for it was here on that last morning that the Archbishop received from the hands of Père Olivaint the Sacred Food, in the strength of which he was to go that same day even to the Mount of God.

From here, too, in the early morning of the 24th, he went to gain the only breath of fresh air which he was allowed to breathe at La Roquette. During the usual half-hour's recreation permitted to the convicts, he descended with the rest into the first courtyard, and there one other moment of consolation came to him, which brightened the *Via Dolorosa* he was treading, with a last gleam of joy. Monsieur Bonjean, who shared with him his prison and his death, had been in the days of his life and liberty a determined unbeliever; but since he came into the Dépôt des Condamnés he had been seen on every possible occasion in close conversation with the Père Clerc, one of the doomed priests; and on this morning, as the Archbishop, unable from weakness to walk about, leant for support against the railing of a stair, Monsieur Bonjean came up, and, stretching out his hands to him with a smile, prayed Monseigneur to bless him, for, he said, he had seen the Truth standing, as it were, at the right hand of Death, and he, too, was about to depart in the faith of Christ.

It was a relief to remember that these last rays of sunshine had gleamed for the old man through the very shadow of death, amid the terribly painful associations of the place in which I stood, and the *gardien* waited patiently while I lingered, thinking of it all; at last, however, as he was stooping over the bed, showing me where the outline of the weary form that

had lain on it could still be traced, he said, in a very aggrieved tone—

"Look what an Englishman did, who was allowed to enter here: when I had turned my head away just for one moment, he robbed me of this;" and he showed me that a little morsel of the woollen cover had been torn off, no doubt to be kept as a sacred relic.

"I was just going to ask you if I might take a little piece of the straw on which Monseigneur lay," I said.

"By all means," answered the *gardien*; "you are most welcome."

I took a very small quantity, and was turning to go away, when he said—

"Would you not like some more? Why have you taken so little?"

"Because, as you spoke of an Englishman's depredations, I did not want to make you complain of an Englishwoman too."

"I did not know you were English," he said, looking sharply round at me; and I felt afraid I should have cause to regret the admission, for I had discovered, during my residence in Paris, that the children of "perfidious Albion" are not by any means in the good graces of Frenchmen, at the present juncture. In the commencement of the war it was the popular belief amongst them that their ally of the old Crimean days would certainly come forward to succour France in her terrible strait, and they have not yet forgiven us, if they ever do, for our strict maintenance of neutrality.

The *gardien*, however, after the first moment of evident annoyance, seemed to make up his mind to overlook my nationality, and gave me a generous handful of straw, before he once more locked up the cell, telling me that no one would ever be allowed to occupy it again. An open door, a few steps farther on, led into that which had been appropriated to Monsieur Deguerri, Curé of the Madeleine, and as I glanced into it I saw a fairly comfortable bed, with good sheets and blankets.

"How much better Monsieur Deguerri was lodged than the Archbishop," I said to the *gardien*.

"Every one was better lodged than Monseigneur," he answered: "*cette canaille de Commune* did all they could to make him suffer from first to last."

On this fatal day, the 24th of May, the rapid successes of the Versailles showed the authorities of the Commune that the term of their power might almost be numbered by hours, and these hours they determined should be devoted to revenge

for their recognized defeat. At six o'clock in the evening an order came to the Director of La Roquette for the instant execution of the whole body of prisoners who had been brought from Mazas, to the number of sixty.

Once more the Director remonstrated, not as on the previous day, on the ground of informality, but because of the wholesale nature of the intended massacre. Messages on this subject went to and fro between the prison and the *mairie* of the eleventh arrondissement, where the leading Communists were assembled, for the space of about an hour, and, finally, a compromise was effected — they agreed only to decimate the sixty condemned, on condition that they themselves chose the victims. It was known to all concerned that their rancour was chiefly directed against the priests — “those men who,” as one of the sufferers remarked, “had inconvenienced this wicked world for eighteen hundred years” — but there were many of that detested class at La Roquette, and to the last moment none knew who would be chosen for death.

At seven o'clock the executioners arrived, headed by Ferré, Lolive, and others — it was a confused assemblage of National Guards, Garibaldians, and “*vengeurs de la République*,” and they were accompanied by women of the pétroleuse stamp, and by numbers of the “*gamins de Paris*,” who were, throughout the whole reign of the Commune, more than any others absolutely insatiable for blood.

Up the prison stairs they swarmed, this dreadful mob, shouting threats and curses, with every opprobrious epithet they could apply to the prisoners, and especially to the Archbishop. Ferré and the other ringleaders advanced into the corridor and the *gardien* showed me where they stood in the vacant space on the left side facing the row of cells which contained their victims. Then in a loud voice, the list of doomed men was read out: —

“*Georges Darboy — se disant serviteur d'un nommé Dieu*” — and the door of the cell I had just seen was thrown open, and the Archbishop of Paris came out, wearing the purple *soutane* which now, stained with blood and riddled with balls, is preserved in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. He walked forward, stood before his executioners, and meekly bowed his head in silence, as the sentence of death was read to him. “*Gaspard Deguerry*” was next called, with the

same blasphemous formula; and the Curé of the Madeleine, whose eighty years of blameless life might well have gained him the right to pass by gentler means to the grave which must in any case have been so near, responded to the summons. “*Léon Ducoudray*, of the Company of Jesus,” a tall, fine-looking man passed from his cell, and stood looking with a smile of quiet contempt on his murderers. He had been rector of the School of St. Geneviève, and had done much for the cause of education.

“*Alexis Clerc*, of the same Company.” It was with a light step and a bright look of joy that this priest answered the ominous call, for his one ambition all his life had been to attain to the glory of martyrdom, and he saw that the consummation of his longing desires was close at hand.

“*Michel Allard*, ambulance chaplain,” and a gentle, kindly-looking man stepped forward, whose last days had been spent in assuaging the pangs of those who were yet to suffer less than himself.

“*Louis Bonjean*, *Président de la Cour de Cassation*.” Some private spite probably dictated the addition of this layman to the list of the condemned, but with his name the fatal number was filled up, and the order was given to the prisoners to march at once to execution. They were left free to walk side by side as they pleased on that last path of pain, and with touching consideration the Archbishop chose Monsieur Bonjean as his companion, claiming from him the support his own physical weakness so sorely needed, while he strengthened the soul of the new-made convert with noble words of faith and courage. The Curé of the Madeleine followed, supported on either side by the Fathers Ducoudray and Clerc, for he alone of the six doomed men showed any sign of fear; but it was a mere passing tremor, pardonable, indeed, in one so aged and feeble. Monsieur Allard came next, walking alone, and reciting prayers in a low voice.

Determined as the Communists were to consummate their cruel deed, they were, it seemed, not only ashamed of it, but afraid of the consequences, for they did not dare to take their victims out by the principal entrance, but made them go down a small turning staircase in one of the side turrets.

Père Ducoudray had his breviary in his hand, and as they passed through a room where the concierge was standing, he gave it to him in order that it might not fall into the hands of any of the pro-

fane rabble around, and told him to keep it for himself. The porter took it, glad to have some remembrance of so good a man, but the captain of the firing party had seen what had passed, and with an oath he snatched the book from the man's hand and flung it on the fire. When they had all gone out, the concierge rescued it from the flames, in which it was only partly consumed, and I saw it, where it is still religiously preserved in the house of the Rue de Sèvres, with its half-burned pages and scorched binding.

The condemned were led down three or four steps into the first of the two narrow courtyards which, as I said, surround three sides of the prison, and it was originally intended that they should on this spot suffer death.

While the firing-party made ready, the Archbishop placed himself on the lowest step, in order to say a few words of pity and pardon to his executioners. As the *gardien* showed me with much minute detail where and how Monseigneur stood, I inquired if it was true that two of his assassins had knelt at his feet to ask his blessing?

"Yes," he answered, "it was perfectly true, but they were not allowed to remain many instants on their knees. Monseigneur had time to say that he forgave them, but not to bless them, as he wished, before with blows and threats they were made to start to their feet, and the Archbishop was ordered to go and place himself against the wall, that he might die."

But at the moment when the condemned were about to range themselves in line, the Communists perceived that they were just below the windows of the Infirmary, and that the sick prisoners were looking out upon the scene. Even before the eyes of these poor convicts they did not dare to complete their deed of darkness, and the prisoners were ordered to retrace their steps down the long courtyard that they might be taken into the outer one, and there at last meet their fate.

I could measure what a long weary way they had thus to go, in those awful moments, when they had believed the bitterness of death was almost already past; for we walked slowly down the stone-paved path they trod, while the *gardien* detailed to me every little incident of the mournful journey—how on one spot Père Ducoudray saw a prisoner, whom he knew well, making signs of passionate anguish at his fate, from an upper

window, and, smiling, waved his hand to him, like one who sends back a gay farewell to holiday friends upon the shore, when he is launching out on a summer sea, to take a voyage of pleasure—and how, a little farther on, the Archbishop had cast such a gentle look of pity on a man who was uttering blasphemies in his ear, that it awoke enough compunction in the heart of the leading Communist to make him say with sternness to the rabble, "We are here to shoot these men, and not to insult them,"—and how at last, as they came in sight of the place of execution, Père Clerc tore open his *soutane*, that his generous heart might receive uncovered the fiery messengers which brought him the martyr's death he had wooed so long and won at last.

They had to pass through a gate leading to the outer enclosure, and here there was another painful delay, while the key was procured from the interior of the prison, to unlock it; and as soon as we, too, had crossed this barrier, and come to the entrance of the second *chemin de ronde* on the right side, we knew that the last scene of the tragedy was before us, for on the dark stone wall at the end there stood out in strong relief a white marble slab surmounted by a cross.

We walked towards it over the stones which paved the centre, while against the wall on either side were borders of flowers which had evidently been cultivated with great care. I asked the *gardien* if these blooming plants had been growing there when the victims and their executioners passed along. "No," he said, "there was nothing of what you see now. I planted these myself afterwards, and I tend them daily—it is a little mark of honour to this holy place." And holy, in truth, it seemed, for it was like walking up the nave of a cathedral towards an altar of sacrifice as we advanced nearer and nearer to the goal. When we were within about twenty paces of the end, the *gardien* put his hand on my arm and stopped me, pointing downwards. I saw at my feet a stone gutter which—how or why I knew not—was stained dark and red. "Here the firing-party took up their position," he said; "you see how close they were to the victims." He went a little aside, and placing himself against the angle of the prison wall, "Here Ferré stood," he continued, "as with a loud voice he gave the order to the National Guards to fire." Finally the *gardien* walked a few steps farther on, and taking off his hat, he held it in his hand, and

made the sign of the cross, while he said, "And here —." Then he was silent, and there was no need that he should finish his sentence; the gentleman who was with me uncovered also, and not a word was spoken by any of us for some minutes. What we saw was this — a very high wall of dark stone which, at a distance of about five feet from the ground, was deeply marked with the traces of balls which must have struck it in vast numbers within the space of a few yards from right to left, and in the centre of the portion thus indelibly scored was the white marble slab we had seen from the other end. I could now read the inscription engraved upon it, which was as follows: —

Respect à ce lieu,
Témoin de la mort des nobles et saintes
victimes

du xxiv. Mai, MDCCCLXXI.

Monseigneur Darboy, Georges, Archevêque de Paris.

Monsieur Bonjean, Louis, Président de la Cour de Cassation.

Monsieur Deguerry, Gaspard, Curé de la Madeleine.

Le Père Ducoudray, Léon, de la compagnie de Jésus.

Le Père Clerc, Alexis, de la compagnie de Jésus.

Monsieur Allard, Michel, aumônier d'ambulance.

Below, four cypresses had been planted, enclosing the oblong space where the victims stood; the two nearest to the wall had completely withered away, as though they refused to live and flourish on the very spot where the innocent blood had been shed, but the other two were fresh and vigorous, and had sent out many a strong green shoot, seeming to symbolize, as it were, those lives transplanted to that other clime where they might yet revive in the free airs of Paradise, to die no more.

When we had stood some time in the midst of the peculiar stillness which seemed all around this solemn place, the *gardien* gave me a few details of the final moments. He said that the condemned men were placed in a line with their backs to the wall where the bullet marks now were: Monsieur Bonjean stood first on the right, Père Clerc next to him, Monsieur Deguerry followed, on whose other side was Père Ducoudray, then the Archbishop, and, last, Monsieur Allard. At the moment when Ferré gave the order to fire, Monseigneur raised his right hand, in order with his last breath to give the blessing to his ex-

ecutioners; as he did so, Lolive, who stood with the firing-party, though not one of the appointed assassins, exclaimed, "That is your benediction, is it? then here is mine!" and fired his revolver straight at the old man's heart. Then came the volley, twice repeated. The two Jesuit priests were the first to fall. Monsieur Deguerry sunk on his knees, and from thence lifeless to the ground. Monsieur Allard did the same, but supported himself in a kneeling position against the wall for an instant before he expired. Monsieur Bonjean had a moment of terrible convulsion, which left him a distorted heap on the earth; the Archbishop was the last to remain upright. I asked the *gardien* if he had lingered at all in his agony, and he answered, "Not an instant—he was already dead when he fell—as they all were." *Requiescant in pace!*

In the dead of night the six mangled bodies were thrown upon a hurdle and conveyed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where they arrived at three in the morning; and there, without coffins, or ceremony of any kind, they were thrown one on the top of another into a trench which had been opened at the south-east angle of the burial-place, close to the wall. There they were found, four days later, by the troops of Versailles when they came to occupy the cemetery, and they at once removed the bodies. Monseigneur Darboy and Monsieur Deguerry were taken with a guard of honour to the Archevêché in the Rue de Grenelle, in order to be buried at Notre Dame; the two Jesuit priests were sent to their own home, Rue de Sèvres; and Monsieur Bonjean and Monsieur Allard were left in the chapel of Père la Chaise.

Lolive, the Communist, to whose name is attached so terrible a memory, was still alive in the prison of Versailles at the moment when I stood on the spot where he uttered that last cruel insult to the defenceless Archbishop; but only a few days later, on the 18th of last September, he expiated his crime at the butts of Satory, and drank of that same bitter cup of death which he had held so roughly to those aged lips.

There was nothing to detain us any longer amid those mournful scenes: as we turned to go away, the *gardien* gathered a little sprig of heliotrope and some pansies from the spot where the Archbishop died, and gave them to me; and when I thanked him for the minuteness of detail by which he had enabled me to

realize so vividly the whole great tragedy, he answered, "Madame, I have shown you everything I possibly could, for I honour those who know how to revere the memory of our murdered father." He took leave of us, and walked away. Then we went back the long distance to the gate, receiving silent salutations from the Director, the turnkey with whom I had first conversed, and the concierge—none of whom seemed to wish to hold any communication with us after we had been on that sad spot. One after another the great doors closed behind us, and we drove away. In another moment the dark frowning walls of La Roquette disappeared from our sight, and we went on into the gay bright world of Paris where still the sun was shining on the broad Boulevards, and merry children were playing in the gardens, and songs and laughter filled the air.

F. M. F. SKENE.

From The Graphic.

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "SALEM CHAPEL,"
"THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY.

THIS mysterious hint did not dwell upon Ellinor's mind as it might have done in the mind of a young person less occupied. I am afraid she was of a superficial way of thinking at this period of her existence, and rather apt to believe that people who made themselves unpleasant, or suggested uncomfortable mysteries were "in a bad humor," or "put out about something;" which indeed is a very excellent and safe explanation of many of the unpleasant speeches we make to each other, but yet not always to be depended upon. Mrs. Eastwood was "put out," for the rest of the day, and would give no heed to any of Nelly's preparations; but, like the light-hearted soul she was, had thrown off the yoke by next morning. "Why should I take up Alice's opinions?" she said half to herself.

"Why, indeed?" cried Nelly, eager to assist in the emancipation.

"Alice is a good servant," Mrs. Eastwood continued; "most trustworthy, and as fond of you all as if you were her own" "(Sometimes she takes an odd way of showing it," interpolated Nelly, "and a

great comfort to have about one; but she has a very narrow, old-fashioned way of looking at things; and why should I take up her superstitions, and act upon them?"

This speech was received with so much applause by her daughter, that Mrs. Eastwood immediately plunged into all the preparations which she had checked the day before; and the ladies had a shopping expedition that very morning, and bought a great many things they had not thought of to make the room pretty. When people have "taste" and set their hearts upon making a room pretty, the operation is apt to become rather an expensive one; but this I must say, that mother and daughter most thoroughly enjoyed the work, and got at least value for their money in the pleasure it gave them. You will say that this was done more with the view of pleasing themselves than of showing regard to the poor little orphan who was to profit by all the luxuries provided; but human nature, so far as I know it, is a very complicated business, and has few impulses which are perfectly single and unmixed in their motives. They cudgelled their brains to think what she would like. They summoned up before them a picture of an art-loving, beauty-mad, Italian-born girl, unable to live without pictures and brightness. They went and roamed through all the Arundel Society collections to look for something from Pisa that would remind her of her home. They sacrificed a Raphael-print which had been hung in Mrs. Eastwood's own room, to her supposed necessities. Nelly made a careful selection of several *morceaux* of china, such as went to her own heart, to decorate the mantelshelf. I don't deny they were like two overgrown schoolgirls over a bigger kind of doll's house; but if you can be hard upon them for this admixture, I confess I cannot. When the room was finished, they went and looked at it three or four times in a day admiring it. They did not know anything about the future inmate, what sort of soul it might be who was coming to share their nest, to be received into their most intimate companionship. They decked the room according to a preconceived impression of her character; and then they drew another more definite sketch of her character, in accordance with the room. Thus they created their Innocent, these two women; and how far she resembled the real Innocent the reader will shortly see.

Their life, however, in the meantime was not all engrossed in this occupation.

The Eastwoods were a popular family. They "went out" a good deal, even in the dead season of the year, when fashion is not, and nobody, so to speak, is in town. There are a very tolerable amount of people in town even in November and December. There are all the law people of every degree; there are all the people in public offices, especially those who are married. Among these two classes there are, the reader will perhaps not be surprised to hear, many, very many, excellent, highly-bred, well-connected persons who actually *live in London*. I am aware that in fashionable literature this fact is scarcely admitted, and everybody who is anybody is believed to visit town only during the season. But the great majority of the English nation consists of people who work more or less for their living, and of these a large number are always in London. The society of the Eastwoods consisted of this class. To be sure, Nelly had appeared at Lady Altamont's ball, in the very best of society, the year she came out; and invitations did still arrive now and then during the season from that supernal sphere. But these occasional flights into the higher heavens did not interfere with the natural society which surrounded the Eastwoods for at least nine months of the year, from November, say, to July. Here were Nelly's young friends, and Mrs. Eastwood's old ones; the advisers of the elder lady and the lovers of the younger. As for advisers, Mrs. Eastwood was very well off. She had a great many of them, and each fitted with his or her office. Mrs. Everard was, as it were, adviser in chief, privy councillor, keeper of the conscience, to her friend, who told her almost, if not quite, everything in which she was concerned. Under this great domestic officer there was Mr. Parchemin, once a great Chamber counsel, noted for his penetration into delicate cases of all kinds, who had retired into profound study of the art of investment, which he practised only for the benefit of his friends. He was for the Finance department. The Rector of the parish, who had once been a highly-successful master in a public school, was her general adviser in respect to "the boys," selecting "coaches" for Dick, and "keeping an eye" upon him, and "taking an interest" in Jenny during the holidays. Mrs. Eastwood's third counsellor had, I am sorry to say, interested motives. He was a certain Major Railton, in one of the Scientific Corps, and was handy man to the household—for a consideration, which

was Nelly. He had the hardest work of all the three—advice was less wanted from him than assistance. He never went so far as his club, poor man, or entered Bond Street, without a commission. He recommended tradespeople, and superintended, or at least inspected, all the repairs done on the old house, besides suggesting improvements, which had to be carried out under his eye. Lastly, there was Mrs. Eastwood's religious adviser, or rather advisers; there were two of them, and they were both ladies,—one, a sister belonging to one of the many sisterhoods now existing in the English Church; and the other an old lady from the north of Ireland, with all the Protestantism peculiar to that privileged region. With this body of defenders Mrs. Eastwood moved through life, not so heavily burdened after all as might be supposed. She had a ready way of relieving herself when she felt the yoke. Though she religiously asked their advice on all their special topics, and would even go so far as to acquiesce in their views, and thank them with tears in her eyes for being so good to her, she generally after all took her own way, which simplified matters amazingly. Since this was the case even with her privy councillor, the friend of her bosom, it is not to be wondered at if the others were used in the same way. Mr. Parchemin was the one whose advice she took most steadily, for she was deeply conscious that she knew nothing of business; and Mr. Brotherton, the clergyman, who was the patron saint of the boys, was probably the one she minded least, for an exactly opposite reason. But the curious thing was, that even in neglecting their advice, she never alienated her counsellors—I suspect because our vanity is more entirely flattered by being consulted than our pride is hurt by having our counsel tacitly rejected. So much for the elder lady's share. Nelly, on her side, had a host of friends of her own age, with whom she was very popular, but no one who was exactly Pythias to her Damon, for the reason that she was old-fashioned enough to make her mother her chief companion. Let us clear the stage, however, for something more important than a female Pythias. Nelly had—who can doubt it?—or her right to admission into these pages would have been very slight, a lover for whom the trumpets are now preparing to sound.

Let us pause, however, for one moment to note a fact which is certainly curious. We all know the statistics that prove be-

yond possibility of doubt that there are more women than men in the world — or, at least in the English world — and that, in the natural course of events, only three-fourths, or four-fifths or some other mysterious proportion, of English women can ever attain the supreme glory and felicity of being married. Now, I do not dare to contradict figures. I have too much respect — not to say awe — of them. I only wish to ask, in all humility, how does it then happen that a great many women are offered the choice of two or three husbands, and that almost every nice young girl one knows has to shape her ways warily in certain complications of circumstances, so as to keep everything smooth between some two at least, who devote to her the homage of their attentions? I do not expect that any statistician will take the trouble to answer this question, but it is one deeply calculated to increase the mingled faith, incredulity, terror, and contempt with which I, like most people, regard that inexorable science. Nelly Eastwood was one of these anomalies and practical contradictions to all received law. She had no idea that she was flying in the face of statistics, or doing her best to stultify the most beautiful lines of figures. Major Railton, of whom we have already spoken, was over thirty, which Nelly, not quite twenty, thought rather old; but the other pretendant for Nelly's favour was not old. He was one of the class which has taken the place now-a-days of the knights and captains, the heroes of the period. Not a conquering soldier or bold adventurer — a young barrister lately called to exercise that noble faculty, and prove black to be white and white black to the satisfaction of a British jury; *tant soit peu* journalist, ready with his pen, ready with his tongue; up, as the slang goes, to anything. His name was Molyneux, and his position as a briefless barrister was much modified by the fact that he was the son of the well-known Mr. Molyneux, whose fame and success at the bar had already indicated him one of the next new judges as soon as any piece of judicial ermine fell vacant. This changed in the most wonderful way the position of Ernest Molyneux, upon whose prospects no mother could frown, though indeed he had nothing, and earned just enough to pay his tailor's bills. Major Railton, too, was somewhat literary, as indeed most men are now-a-days. When anything was going on in the military world, he was good enough to communicate it to the public through the medium

of the *Daily Treasury*. He had even been sent out by that paper on one or two occasions as its special correspondent. Naturally, he took a view of professional matters entirely opposed to the view taken by the correspondent of the *Jupiter*. The Major's productions were chiefly descriptive, and interspersed with anecdote. The barrister's were metaphysical, and of a very superior mental quality. He was fond of theology, when he could get at it, and of settling everything over again on a new basis. These were the two gentlemen who happened to meet in the drawing-room at The Elms, on one of these chilly afternoons, at the fire-light hour. This fashion of sitting without lights was one which both of them rather objected to, though they dared not express their sentiments freely, as on a former occasion Frederick Eastwood had not hesitated to do. On a little table which stood before the fire was the tea-tray, with its sparkling china and little quaint old silver tea-pot, which glittered, too, in the ruddy light. This was the highest light in the darkling scene. Major Railton was seated quite in the shadow, near Mrs. Eastwood, to whom he had been discoursing, in his capacity as outdoor adviser, about the state of the coach-house. Young Molyneux was moving about the centre of the room, in the way some men have, talking to Nelly, and looking at any chance book or curious thing that might fall in his way. They had been hearing the story of the new cousin with polite interest, varying according to the nature of the men, and the intimacy and interest in the house which their respective positions enabled them to show.

"The stables are the worst," said the Major. "In one corner the rain is positively coming in; not to speak of the uninhabitable nature of the place, if you should want to use it, the property is positively deteriorated. It really must not be allowed to fall out of repair."

"There is no chance of my wanting to use it, Major; but, of course, if, as you say, the property is injured — I am sure," said Mrs. Eastwood, "it is a great nuisance to be your own landlord; other people, I find, have all these things done for them."

"But other people pay rent, and may be turned out at a year's notice," said the Major.

"Oh, indeed, nobody is so foolish as to turn out a good tenant. Indeed, it is a very equivocal advantage to live in your

own house. Constant taxes, constant repairs, and though everybody knows I have put down my carriage, obliged to spend money on my stables! That," said Mrs. Eastwood, emphatically, "is what I call an irony of fate."

"It is bad, it must be allowed," said Molyneux bursting in; his ear had been caught by the last words, which she pronounced more loudly than usual, with a true sense of the injury done her. "It is like a story I heard the other day of an unfortunate Austrian whose château was destroyed in the war. Just about the time the last fire smouldered out, he got his bill from the great furniture man at Vienna for the redecoration. It had just been finished before the Prussian guns went at it. There's irony for you! I don't suppose your friend Bismarck, Railton, will be so civil as to pay the bill."

"Nobody will pay my bill, I am sure," said Mrs. Eastwood, not quite relishing the introduction of a misfortune which overshadowed her own. "What a comfort it is, to be sure, that there is no more fighting in Italy. Frederick, I think, ought to be in Pisa by this time, and next week I hope we may have him back. What a difference in travelling since my day! Then we went in our own carriages from Marseilles, going round the coast, and taking weeks to it. Nelly, don't you think we might have lights?"

"Presently, Mamma; don't you want to know about my new cousin, a new young lady coming out of the unknown?" said Nelly. "If I visited in a house where any one so very new was about to appear, I should be dying of curiosity. Mr. Molyneux, you are full of imagination, or at least so the newspapers say; help me to make out what she will be like. Born in Italy; sixteen; named Innocent. Here are the facts. Now tell me what you think, and then you shall have my idea."

"I hope she will be like her relations, whom we know," said Major Railton, gallantly: "and then the firmament will have another star."

"That is pretty, but it is vague," said Nelly, "and I have heard something like it before. Mr. Molyneux —"

"Who said I was full of imagination?" said Molyneux, feeling entitled to draw a chair near her. "Now if there is one thing I pride myself on, it is that subordination of fancy to reason which is characteristic, Miss Eastwood, of a well regulated mind. Girls of sixteen are of two classes, so far as I have observed: honest

bread-and-butter, which I rather like on the whole — or the shy and sentimental, which, when it is not too thin, has its attractions also. Miss Innocent, being Italian, &c., will probably belong to the last class. Now for your idea. I have said my say."

"My idea," said Nelly, solemnly, turning her face towards him in the glow of the fire-light, which lighted up the soft round of her cheek, and fluttered about her pretty figure as if caressing her, "is this: I have been reading up 'Aurora Leigh.' Have you read 'Aurora Leigh?' Perhaps you do not condescend to anything merely English, and written by a woman —"

"Pardon, this is criticism and accusation, not your idea."

"I will send Birkson to-morrow," said the Major in his corner, "he is the man I always employ. He can give an estimate at least, and I will cast an eye over it the next time I see you. I fear you must do it, though I hate all expense that can be spared."

"And such unnecessary expense," sighed Mrs. Eastwood.

"Well, then," resumed Nelly, flushing with excitement, "this is how it will be — it is constantly so in books, and I suppose you writers ought to know. She will be beautiful, she will be clever, far cleverer than anybody here. She will flash upon us in our dull little house like a princess. Mamma and I will be quenched altogether. She will be the centre of everything. When you come to call, you will all make a circle round her to hear her talk, or to hear her sing, or just to look at her, she will be so lovely. Probably she will sing like an angel, — everybody does who comes from Italy. Her father will have taught her all sorts of out-of-the-way things, — Greek and Latin, and astrology, and I don't know what. Poor Mamma and I will try to keep her down, you know, and be something still in our own house."

"Why, Nelly, what wild nonsense are you talking? Do stop your romancing, and ring for the lights."

"Presently, Mamma! We will be unkind to her, we will leave her at home when we go out, we will make her sit up in the old schoolroom. I hope we will have strength of mind to give her enough to eat. But whatever we do she will shine like a star, as Major Railton beautifully says. She will outshine us in goodness as well as in everything else. She will cast us into the shade; we shall

feel ourselves the meanest, and the wretchedest, and stupidest, and the ugliest —”

“Nelly, Nelly! are you going crazy? What can you mean?”

“There’s imagination for you!” cried Molyneux; “invention, the most daring fancy. I did not know you were a poet. ‘Aurora Leigh’ is nothing to it, nor even ‘Cinderella.’ Now I confess my curiosity is awakened. When is this course of cruelty to begin?”

“Yes, Mamma, it is getting quite night,” cried Nelly, springing up. “We have been left long enough in the dark, haven’t we? Have you settled about the stables? Oh, Major Railton, if you would be so very good! It is only a book I want. A book is a simple sort of commission. Now please tell me if it is troublesome, for of course I could order it at Clarke’s; but then it would not come for a week. We are supposed to be in London here, but it is a week’s post to Regent Street.”

“What is the good of me but to run errands?” said the gallant Major, changing his seat in the corner for another chair more near to Nelly. “I like it. Good heavens, I beg your pardon, Winks, how was I to see you were there?”

Winks jumped down out of the chair on which he had been lying, in the highest dudgeon; he took no notice of the criminal. Too much a gentleman to say anything uncivil beyond the momentary snap and snarl which betrayed his disinclination to be sat upon, a thing abhorrent both to dogs and men, he hobbled to the rug, holding up one paw with a demonstration of patient suffering, which might have melted the hardest heart. It was Winks’s favourite paw which he never ran upon under any circumstances: but this was a little fact which he did not mention. He took it to the matting, and licked it, and made much of it, with a heroic abstinence from any complaint. The Major went down on his knees, and felt the injured limb carefully, with every expression of penitence. “The bone is not hurt, I assure you,” he said tenderly, half to Winks and half to his mistress. The sufferer turned his head aside during this examination, to conceal, I believe, the smile upon his countenance.

“He is a little humbug,” said Mrs. Eastwood, but she was relieved to know there was not much the matter. As for young Molyneux, he took a base advantage of the incident.

“Railton is getting rather stout,” he

whispered aside to Nelly, “I don’t wonder Winks did not like it. He is broadening, one can’t deny it. Look what a shadow he throws, blotting out you and me together.” And, indeed, the excellent Major, foreshortened by the firelight, did throw a portentous shade up to the very ceiling. And Nelly laughed out like a foolish girl, unable to restrain herself, and could give no account of her laughter; but declared it was because of Winks, who was an accomplished actor, and had taken the Major in. “Winks, come, I am going upstairs,” she cried; upon which the invalid bounded from the rug, nearly upsetting the Major. And then Brownlow came in with two lamps, and the hour of reception was over. Major Railton, however, lingered still for a last word about the stables, while young Molyneux was forced to go away. To have a settled appointment, so to speak, about the house in which dwells the young lady of your affections is an unquestionable advantage. It secures the last word.

“Nelly, how could you talk in that wild way?” cried Mrs. Eastwood, when both were gone. “There is nothing men like so much as to think that women are jealous of each other. It flatters their vanity. They will think you meant every word of all that nonsense, and a pretty account they will give of us to all our friends.”

“I did mean it,” said Nelly, “I was quite in earnest. If you will read ‘Aurora Leigh’ as I have been doing —”

“Aurora Fiddlestick,” cried Mrs. Eastwood, which, after all, was no argument; “don’t let me hear any more such nonsense. As if any girl that ever was born could alter one’s position in one’s own house! I am surprised at you, Ellinor. Make haste now and dress; we are much later than usual, in consequence of your foolish talk. I suppose I must go to this fresh expense about the stables after what the Major says,” she added, with care on her brow; “though I am sure Frederick will no more be able to keep horses when I die than I am now. And I don’t see why I should keep them up for remote posterity — my great grandson, perhaps, who, if he is able to afford it at all, should be able to build stables for himself. I don’t think I will do it, Nelly. I will send for Sclater to-morrow, and have the roof looked to. These men talk as if we were made of money, especially men who have the public money to fall back upon. It is very pleasant, I don’t doubt, to see work done and places

kept up when you never have any bills to pay."

This little speech was delivered partly on the stairs as Mrs. Eastwood went up to dress, followed by her daughter. Nelly, I am afraid, was not much interested about the stables, and made no reply; but she put her head into the little room before she began to dress, and contemplated it, admiring yet doubtful. She had been reading "Aurora Leigh" all the morning, and the poetry had gone to Nelly's head, as poetry is apt to do when one is twenty. She wondered if English nature, as represented by the elms and the lime trees, with no hills at all, not even a green slope for a background, would seem as tame to her cousin as English scenery in general had done to Aurora. Nelly herself had never yet been farther than Paris, and had seen no scenery to speak of. The blue spring sky and the primrose-covered grass,—the play of sunshine and shadow further on in the year through the silken green of the limes—the moon-light pouring down the avenue—filled her own heart with a flood of soft delight. That was because she knew no better, she argued humbly with herself; but the other, who had seen Alps and Apennines, and snowy peaks, and Italian skies! "I wonder if she will think us tame, too;" Nelly said to herself with a little shiver, as she went back to her own room and applied herself to the work of dressing. She reflected that in books the stranger, the orphan, the dependent, generally has it all her own way; but that, at the same time, there was something to be said on the other side for the tame, stay-at-home people, who did their best to satisfy the poetic nature, even if they did not succeed. Perhaps Miss Leigh herself, Aurora's aunt, who had not bargained for a poet, might have had her story, too. On the whole Nelly, having completed the little room, was somewhat depressed about its inmate. It was pretty, but she had not been able to give quite the ideal effect she had intended. In furnishing and decoration, as well as other matters, the highest ideal is not always the one that succeeds best.

CHAPTER V.

FREDERICK'S WAY.

FREDERICK EASTWOOD had leave for a fortnight from his office. He was not hardworked, as a rule. Leave was dispensed freely enough, without any very

profound investigation into the urgent affairs which demanded it. The men at the Sealing-Wax Office were something like their contemporaries of the Household Brigade, and were allowed much leisure to make up for the severe mental strain which their duties, so long as they lasted, imposed upon them. Therefore he had not much difficulty in getting free at this important family crisis. He left home the evening before his fortnight began, with a very pretty cheque in his purse which his mother had given him. Mrs. Eastwood's opinion was that, as Frederick was sacrificing himself to family duty, Frederick ought to have a recompense.

"You can buy yourself something with the rest," she said, smiling upon him with that confidence of being liberal and trustful which, perhaps because it is contrary to so many of her superstitions, always makes a woman pleased with herself.

"There are pretty alabaster things at Pisa," said Nelly; "you may buy us all something if you like."

Frederick shut up his pocket-book, as in other days men used to button their pockets. He went out of the house hastily, resolving to do neither one thing nor the other. They closed the door upon him tranquilly, feeling that it was Frederick's way, and that they knew precisely how he would conduct himself on this expedition. But the truth is that no soul more utterly unknown to that excellent family went out of all London that day. They knew absolutely nothing about him. The anticipations which made his eyes glow as soon as he was safe in his Hansom, and could look as he liked, would have been absolutely incomprehensible to his family. Could they have seen into his mind, they would have refused to believe in the reality of what they saw. I hope it may be in my power to reveal to the reader with less difficulty what Frederick Eastwood really was. He had a fine exterior—dainty, and delicate, and refined. To see him you would have imagined his faults to be faults of the mind; high temper, perhaps, irresolution and weakness in critical circumstances, intentions which were fundamentally good though often mistaken, and a wrong-headed obstinacy and self-opinion when he did decide upon anything, which is quite compatible with irresolution in great matters. This is what the cursory observer would have supposed him to be; and this is what his family thought of

him. He was not clever in managing his own affairs, they knew; he was undecided about matters which required firmness, and obstinate about trifles. He had no idea of the magnitudes of different objects, but would insist upon some trifling point in an argument while he yielded the great ones. All these faults, real or supposed, were in harmony with his looks, and with the impression he made upon most people who met him. A Charles the First sort of man — wrong-headed, melancholy, virtuous, meaning the very best, but not always able to carry out his meaning, and now and then betrayed into subterfuge by very indecision. This was the manner in which he was regarded by his friends.

I am afraid this was not, however, at all the real state of affairs. It is difficult to describe the true condition of his mind without using what the newspapers call vulgar expressions, and without venturing upon ground little known to or studied by the writer of this history. I do not know after what fashion the artisan enjoys himself when, after a long spell of respectability, his wife informs me, weeping or indignant, that he has gone off "on the spree;" and still less do I know what experiences are gone through by a young gentleman of quality when, obeying the same impulse, he also breaks loose from decorum and plunges into occasional dissipation. There are other pens in plenty which can inform the curious reader; but for my part, though I may guess, I do not know. Frederick Eastwood, however, though he was rather a fine gentleman than otherwise, was as much subject to this influence as any undisciplined working man with good wages and rampant senses. This was the secret, the mystery, and, by consequence, the centre of his life. His training, his wishes, his pride, all the traditions of his own and his family's history, bound him to the only career which is not ruin for men in his condition — a life in accordance with the ordinary rules of virtue and respectability. He had not any of the great qualities which make society pardon an occasional aberration; nor was he rich enough to be vicious decorously, even had that been possible. Besides, he did not want to be permanently vicious, nor, indeed, to sin at all if he could have helped it. He felt the importance of character as highly as any man could feel it, and clung to his good repute with a tenacity all the more desperate that he alone was aware how much he now and

then put it in peril. But that other impulse was as a fire within him — that impulse to burst away from all routine and self-control — to throw every restraint to the winds, and follow for a brief delirious interval only the wild suggestions of the senses, wherever they might lead him. Where they did lead him I have no intention of following. But this was the key to the somewhat strange and incomprehensible aspect which he presented to his fellows. He never got into mischief sociably with his contemporaries. They thought him on the whole rather a Puritan; though there were inevitable echoes of something against him wandering vaguely about his club and among the men who had been with him at the University. But all that was known and seen of his life was so spotless and respectable that the whisper of hostility was hushed. The question why a young man so blameless should be often so moody, and always so uncommunicative, had been solved in the feminine world in the most romantic manner, by the theory that he was like Charles the First. But men did not take up this notion so readily. There were various strange "ways" about him which were very mysterious to his friends: a certain secrecy, in itself carefully concealed, and watchfulness, as of a man about whom something might some day be found out. When his fever fit was coming on, he would grow restless, shifty, anxious, declining his ordinary engagements, shutting himself up in his own room, morose with his family, and impatient of all usual intercourse. A headache, or a cold, or some other slight ailment, was the reason easily accepted by the innocent people about him — and at the very nick of time some invitation would arrive for a week's shooting, or other agreeable occupation, which would "set him up," everybody thought. Whether he was resisting the devil at these preliminary moments, or merely concocting plans by which he might get free and secure the opportunity of self-indulgence, I cannot tell. I believe, strange as it may seem to say it, that he was doing both.

But the devil got the best of the argument, as he generally does when what are called "the passions" are excited, and the craving for enjoyment, to which some natures are so susceptible, sets in. This curious byeway of the human mind is one which a great many of us have been forced to study much against our will: when all the desires of the mind seem set upon the better way, and sore repentance,

religious feeling, and rational conviction of the fatal character of the indulgence, seem certainly to promise victory, but are upset at the critical moment by that irresistible sense of the pleasure within reach, which overcomes at once all spiritual and all prudential considerations. Frederick Eastwood reasoned with himself, condemned himself, understood the whole situation; he even prayed, with tears, against the besetting sin, about the character of which he could have no doubt. But all the time that hankering after the delight of it lay in the background; with a corner of his mental eye, so to speak, he saw how best to attain the gratification, and with a rush snatched it. Recollections of the sweetness of it last time would flash across his mind, even at the very height of his resolution to avoid it next time. He knew all that could be said about those apples of Sodom, which are so beautiful to look at, but are as ashes in the mouth. This is one of the set things which preachers and sinners are alike ready to say together; but the fact is that a great many people like the taste of the ashes, as Frederick did. The pleasure of anticipating that mouthful had more force upon him than all the arguments which, with hot zeal, he had so often used to himself.

He had been wavering on the very edge of downfall when this mission to bring home Innocent came, as it were, in his way. He accepted it as—we cannot say a godsend, or a gift from heaven—but as an almost supernatural provision for his necessities, a kind of counter-Providence, if we may use the word. So strange are the vagaries of human nature, that Frederick felt a sort of pious thankfulness steal over him when he saw before him this opportunity for a break-out which would be unsuspected by his friends. This time it would require no scheming, no fictitious invitation; which was one of the reasons why he went off with such exhilarated feelings. He bore the Channel far better than Dick could have believed, being supported by his pleasurable anticipations, and arrived in Paris in a delightful turmoil of expectation. He was free! He could do what he liked—go where he liked! He had some money of his own in his pocket, and the letter of credit his mother had given him. Plenty of money, no restraint, and in Paris! He settled himself in an hotel not too much frequented by English, and made up his mind really to enjoy himself, for a week at least.

He went into it with a plunge, just as his less elevated contemporary would go “on the spree.” But, fortunately or unfortunately, there is no concealment about the latter process. It is received as a kind of painful necessity by the poor women who suffer most by it; and the record does not put the culprit at any great moral disadvantage. It is otherwise in the higher classes. Frederick went everywhere where he ought not to go; did everything that was most unbecoming and inappropriate. He did not get intoxicated, but he drank a great deal of champagne, and kept himself in a state of reckless excitement from day to day; and he got into the very cream of bad company—the company of people who shocked all his prejudices and revolted his good taste, but yet swept him along on that wild tide of pleasure, which was what he wanted. He had got a fortnight’s leave, to accomplish the journey to Pisa and back, to console his little cousin, and win her confidence, and bring her kindly home. It was, however, ten days after he had left London when he woke up from his wild dream in Paris, his money all but exhausted, his frame worn out, his faculty of enjoyment at an end. That was not a pleasant waking, as may be readily supposed. He came to himself among the husks of his pleasures, and cursed them, and repented. He had done it a great many times before.

This time, however, there were unfortunate complications. He had still a long journey to make, and no time to do it in; and he had heavy expenses of travelling still to encounter, and no money to pay them. What was he to do? Cursing those husks of pleasure is one thing, and re-making them into the gold they represent is quite another. He did not dare to write to his mother, and show her that he was still in Paris. He would rather die, he thought, than compromise the position which was everything to him, or betray the secret of his life. Yet he must go on somehow, and accomplish his mission. With a racking headache and a despairing heart he began to count up his remaining coins, and calculate the time necessary for his journey. Time and money alike would just suffice to take him to Pisa. He had but realized this fact, without drawing any conclusion from it, when some one knocked at his door. He was in a second-rate hotel, but occupied its best room—a chamber all gorgeous with mirrors and marble tables and bronze candelabra. He hurriedly drew the cur-

tains of the alcove which held his bed, and in a querulous tone bade his visitor enter. To his disgust and confusion he saw, when the door opened, the only Englishman whom he had encountered—a middle-aged man, in sporting costume and with boisterous manners, who had joined Frederick's party (always against his will) on various occasions, and now came forward with horrible cordiality, holding out a red, fat hand, which seemed to the unfortunate prodigal the greasiest and dirtiest that he had ever shaken. He touched this paw reluctantly, with a repugnance in which some alarm and a sense of the necessity of giving nobody offence was mingled. He did not know who the man was. Had he been in other circumstances he would have repudiated his acquaintance haughtily; but at present he had the painful consciousness upon him that he was in everybody's power.

"Well, Sir, how are you after last night?" said his visitor. "Hope you find yourself tolerably well after that *p'tey soupe*? It's played the very deuce with me, though I ought to be seasoned. You young ones have all the odds in your favour. Thought you'd feel yourself pulled up hard this morning, after the champagne—and the bill. Ha, ha! the bill; that's the worst fun of it all; barring that, Sir, this sort of life would be too pleasant to be true. The bill keeps us in mind that we're mortal, hey?"

"I don't feel myself in any danger of forgetting that fact," said Frederick, stiffly.

He intended to answer with dignity and distance, but his mingled dislike to and fear of his visitor introduced a complaining, querulous tone into his voice. He seemed even to himself, to be whimpering over a hard fate, instead of uttering a mere morality with the loftiness of a superior. And somehow, as he spoke, he looked at the table, where "Bradshaw" lay spread out beside the unhappy remains of his money, the few miserable gold pieces which he had left. The man gave a suppressed whistle at this sight.

"So bad as that?" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Mr. Eastwood, I've been keeping my eye upon you. I mean well, if I'm a little rough; and if you won't ask me to sit down, I'll take it upon myself to do so, if you'll excuse me; for I haven't yet got over the effects of last night. I know your name?—yes, Sir. It's a good name, and I take an interest in all that bear it. Related to Sir Geoffrey, I don't doubt, Mr. Frederick Eastwood? There's

how I know, Sir. Picked it up the other night, after you'd been dining; and if you'll believe me, I've taken an interest in you ever since."

"You are very good, I am sure—though you have so much the advantage of me," said Frederick, more stiff than ever, yet afraid to show his resentment; for the fellow, as he called him in his heart, held out in his fat hand a card, bearing his respectable name at full, with the most immaculate of addresses—that of the Junior Minerva Club. Even his home address would have been less terrible. There are dozens of "Elms" about London, but only one Junior Minerva. He looked at the card with a dismay which he could not conceal. He stood upright by his chair, not following the example of his visitor. He would have liked to kick him down stairs, or to thrust him out of the window; but he dared not do it. It seemed to his feverish eyes that this man held his reputation, his character, everything that he cared for in the world, within his greasy hands.

"I'm naturally interested," his visitor went on, "for I was born and bred up on the Eastwood estates, near to Sterborne, if you know it. Very glad to see you, Sir, when you come in my direction. To be sure I have the advantage of you. My name is Batty—Charles Batty—at your service. I drive a good trade in the way of horses by times, though I call myself an auctioneer, and don't refuse no jobs as will pay. Bless you, I'd buy libraries as soon as yearlings, and get my profit out of them, though it's slower. Mr. Eastwood, Sir, knowing the respectable family you come from, and all your excellent connections, and your address at your club, &c., &c., I should not say, Sir, but what I might also be of use to you."

Misery, we are told, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows. So does that modern form of misery called impecuniosity, which has its agonies more sharp than any primitive form of privation or pain. It is one of the worst penalties of the want of money, that the subject of that fatal want feels such eagerness to anticipate help that he is ready to look for it in the most unlikely places, and in his extremity will stretch his hand out in the dark to meet anybody's grasp. This rash eagerness of desperation specially belongs to the exhausted state of mind and purse in which Frederick now found himself. He was past all calculation of probabilities, ready to seize upon

any shadow of aid, however attained. Insensibly he slid into his chair, and a faint gleam of hope and light seemed to diffuse itself in the dull air round him. He took a rapid survey of the situation. His repugnance for the man who sat opposite to him, watching his movements, was not in any degree lessened; but he reflected that anyhow he had betrayed himself to this man. Stranger and *vaurien* though he seemed, he held the character of the accomplished Frederick Eastwood in his hands; and every principle of self-preservation, and of that respect for the world's opinion which was his curse and his punishment, moved him to try what means he could of bringing some advantage out of this now inevitable evil. He seated himself with a sigh of impatience and wretchedness, sheathing his sword, so to speak.

"The truth is I am in a scrape, and I don't see my way out of it," he said.

"Tell me all about it, Mr. Eastwood; I'll find a way out of it," said Batty, rubbing his greasy hands.

I suppose they were greasy hands. At all events, it was this particular which dwelt on Frederick's memory and revolted his fine feelings. Ugh! the thought made him sick years after. In the meantime, however, he had no time to be nice.

"The fact is," he said, with hesitation, "that I was on my way to Italy on business" — here he paused, remembering what Batty had said of an interest in the Eastwoods. "On family business. I had something to do — of importance; and I have been — detained here."

This euphemism delighted his companion. He gave a horse-laugh, which affected Frederick's nerves. "Yes; you have been — detained here; I understand. By Jove, you *are* fun," said this appreciative listener.

Frederick took no notice of the vulgar outburst. Now that he had business in hand he could be clear enough. He laid bare his necessities to this strange and novel adviser. There is no telling — as men in Frederick Eastwood's condition easily find out — in what strange regions money, and the inclination to lend it, may be found. Nothing could be less promising than this coarse Englishman, who had thrust himself into the young man's path so much against his will; and yet in this unlikely quarter salvation was to be found. We need not concern ourselves here about Mr. Batty's motives.

"I thought you looked too much a swell to be a commercial gent, Sir," he

explained later; "but when I picked up that card you might have knocked me down with a feather. Eastwoods has always been the height of quality in my eyes. I have been born and bred on their lands; and as for good will to serve 'em — here's a way to prove it."

Frederick was no neophyte, to put the unbounded confidence of a boy in these fine speeches; but he knew that there are a great many kinds of money-lenders, and that there are people in the world who are to be influenced, even to the supreme length of opening their purses, by a good name and a well-known address. Besides, after all there was no great risk attendant upon Batty's generosity. A man in a public office — a man with a character — is not likely to allow himself to be ruined for a matter of fifty pounds, especially when he has a mother full of innocent credulity to fall back upon. Thus the bargain was made, which was to Frederick, as soon as it became certain, an insignificant transaction. The moment he had signed the note and got the money, his despair of an hour ago seemed incredible to him, and all his objections to Batty recurred in double force.

"If you are ever down my way, I'll hope you'll eat a bit of mutton with me," said the hospitable usurer: "not *salmis* and *vol-à-vent*, Mr. Eastwood, for we ain't up to that; but sound English mutton, with a glass of good wine to wash it down. And I'll show you a stable that will make your mouth water."

Frederick, who had become stiff again, bowed and thanked him from a mountain-top of superiority — and it was Batty's hope to spend another evening in his society which determined him on the virtuous step of quitting Paris that night.

What was his brain busy about as he rolled out of the wicked, seductive city, where all vice betakes itself with the hope of being tempted, in that chill spring evening, between the lamps and the stars? His head was confused with all he had passed through. The fumes of his "pleasures" were still in it, mingled with the disgust which is inevitable, but which floats away still more quickly than the fumes of the "pleasures." The thrill of his hairbreadth escape was also vibrating through him; but a man of Frederick Eastwood's habits soon gets used to that thrill of escape. He was concocting and putting in order a reasonable way of accounting for his acquaintance with such a man as Batty,

should it ever become known to his friends. All at once, while he was arranging his bargain with Batty, this had flashed upon his mind. He would not conceal that, having a day or two to pass in Paris, he had determined on going to a purely French hotel, to escape the mass of travelling English who fill up every corner; with the view of seeing Frenchmen as they are, he had gone to this obscure hostelry; and there, by an odd chance, he had found this rough Englishman, stranded, not knowing the language — thrown, as it were, upon his charity. "A scamp, of course, and thoroughly objectionable; but what could one do?" Frederick said to himself, as he made up his story. His story seemed to himself so satisfactory that it really accounted for the acquaintance, even to his own mind. He recalled to recollection that he had been obliged to interpret for his unpleasant compatriot, and the fiction gradually consolidated into fact. He believed it himself long before he had reached the Marseilles steamboat which was the next step in his hurried way.

CHAPTER VI.

PISA.

FREDERICK had left Paris between the lamps and the stars, as I have said, on a chilly night, when the darkness and confusion in his own mind agreed better with the mist and rolling steam that made a cloud about the train as it dashed into the darkness, than with the serene celestial lights which tried in vain to penetrate that veil of vapour. He came into the harbour at Leghorn again between stars and lamps, but this time in the blue-green dawn of an Italian spring morning, too early for any stir except that which attended the arrival of the steamer. Do people still have that long *promenade sur l'eau* through the green sea basin from point to point before they are allowed to land, and be subjected to the final examination at the Dogana? I suppose all that has been changed with so many other things, with the abolition of passports, and other hindrances to the traveller. Frederick Eastwood did not now feel so hurried as when he was in Paris. He had arranged how he was to write home, and to telegraph to the office, begging for the extra week's leave which was inevitable. He wrote his mother a long letter, telling her how he had been seized with "unpleasant symptoms" in Paris, but would not send her

word of it lest he should alarm her; how he had managed to come on to Leghorn, taking the journey easily, and really had not suffered as he feared he would; how, on the whole, he was much better; how he intended to proceed to Pisa in the evening after a rest; and how within a week they might expect to see him back with his cousin. "Don't be uneasy about me," he said, "I am really a great deal better. I feel sure I shall now get home quite comfortably; but, as you remarked before I left, I was not well when I started — too much confinement, I suppose" — I don't attempt to explain this other fiction which he put forth with perfect gravity, and without much feeling of guiltiness. "Unpleasant symptoms" might mean anything, and I fear that from schoolboy days the excuses given at home are not judged by a very high standard of truthfulness. Frederick's conscience did not trouble him much on this subject. He telegraphed to his chief at the office, announcing his detention by illness, without entering into any particulars as to where that illness had occurred, and claiming so many days' extension of leave as would re-establish his health for the journey home. He felt ill enough, it must be allowed, after all he had gone through — ill enough almost to feel justified in the report he gave of his ailing condition — "seedy" as he would have called it, to the last degree. He could not eat anything, he slept badly, his lips were parched, his hand hot and tremulous, and his looks bore him unimpeachable testimony, better than a medical certificate. Yet he felt rather happy in his unhappiness, as he rested and tried to eat a little *minestra* at the hotel at Leghorn. It was not so good as the *bouillon* he would have got in Paris, or the beef-tea at home, but it was all he was capable of. In the evening he proceeded on his short railway journey to Pisa — and on the way his mind, if not his body, mended rapidly. It was again dark when he arrived. He went to one of the hotels on the Lung' Arno, and took a feeble walk in the evening to see the place, though so little could be seen. He had never been in Italy before, and though the circumstances were such as to damp enthusiasm, there was in Frederick's mind a certain new-born freshness of a man returned to the paths of duty which we can compare to nothing but the feelings of one recovering from an illness. It was over; he felt languid, weak, but good. He had turned his back

alike on temptation and upon sin. He was convalescent. Now there is no real moral excellence in being convalescent even after a fever; but that sufferer must have had unkindly tending and little love about him in his malady, who does not feel that it is good of him to get better, and that he has done something for which all his friends are justly grateful to him. Frederick, though he had no friends to be grateful, felt precisely in this condition. He felt *good*. In Paris he had felt miserable, mournful, and what he called penitent — that is he had felt that pleasure carried too far ends by becoming unpleasant, and that it costs very dear, and that the amount of satisfaction to be got out of it is scarcely proportioned to the outlay. This mood had lasted during the greater part of his journey. But after a man has so accounted for his misfortunes as Frederick had done, and has got the means of beginning again, and feels himself clear of the toils for the time being, such a mood does not last very long; and by the time he reached Pisa he had got fully into the convalescent state, and felt good. While his dinner was preparing he took a walk down by the side of Arno, in which once more the stars above and the lamps below were reflecting themselves with serene composure, the lights of heaven asserting no proud superiority over the lights of earth; and then turned aside to that wonderful group of buildings of which everybody has heard. Nothing in all Italy belongs to our childhood like that leaning tower. Frederick looked up at it, bending towards him through the darkness, and recollected pictures in books at home which his mother had shown him of evenings when he stood by her knee in pinafores, before "life" began. His reminiscences gave the softest domestic turn to his mind, and made him feel still more good than before. Even in the dark there were still some beggars about, flitting out of corners at the sight of the stranger, and he emptied his pocket among them, giving them francs and half-francs with a wild liberality which increased ten-fold the numbers of these waiters upon Providence next evening in the Piazza del Duomo. There were fitful gleams of moonlight coming now and then from out a mass of clouds, and sending broad beams of momentary glory behind and between the different buildings. Frederick was awed and impressed, as well as touched and softened. This was like the higher light of religious feeling

coming in to elevate the domestic piety to which his heart had been suddenly opened by recollection. Thus impressed and ameliorated the convalescent walked back to his hotel to dinner, and was able to eat something, the reader will be glad to hear.

It was late, and he did not feel disposed to break the almost holy calm of his feelings after so many agitations, by making any effort to see his cousin that evening. He looked up at the tall houses as he when along, wondering if perhaps one of the faint lights he saw might be hers, but he was content to remain in this state of doubt till next day. One night could make little difference. When he had finished the meal, which was slight, but more satisfactory than anything he had been able to have since he left Paris, he made inquiries of the genial Italian waiter as to the position of the Palazzo Scaramucci, and whether anything was known of its English inhabitants. Antonio indicated to him exactly where the house was, and was eager to add that he knew the servant of the English gentleman who had died there. "Figure to yourself," he said, "that Mademoiselle, his daughter, is all alone in that house of the dead."

The conversation was carried on in French, and Antonio was eloquent. He gave the stranger instantly a sketch of the girl thus left without any one to take care of her. "Letters have come from the friends in England, but no one has arrived," said Antonio. "What kind of hearts can they have, Blessed Madonna! Niccolo does not know what will become of the poor young lady. The Forestieri here are kind to her, but what is that when she is left all alone by her friends? Monsieur perhaps may know some of her friends? She is a beautiful young lady, but strange, neither like the English Meeses, nor the Italian Signorine, and Niccolo says —"

"Did you say she was beautiful?" said Frederick. This was a particular which it was impossible to hear without a certain interest.

"She will be beautiful when she is older, when she has more *embonpoint*," said Antonio. "But she is not English in her beauty, nor in anything else. Niccolo says she will sit for days together and never speak. She had a very strange father. He is buried in the English cemetery, so I believe all must be right. But in my opinion, though Monsieur may think it droll, the old Englishman was *tant soit peu sorcier!*"

"*Sorcier?*" said Frederick, with a languid smile.

"Of course Monsieur thinks it droll—but for my part I believe he has thrown a spell over Mademoiselle. No one can melt her. She sheds no tear, Niccolo says. She listens to the English ladies without replying a word. The only Christian thing about her is that she goes often to Sta. Maria della Spina, the little, little, very little church which Monsieur may have remarked; and as she is Protestant, I suppose that must be a sin. Perhaps, if Monsieur knows any of the English in Pisa, he will be able to see this strange and beautiful young girl——"

"Perhaps," said Frederick, taking the key of his bedroom and the candle from Antonio's hand. He did not choose to say that he was the lingering messenger whom her friends had sent for Innocent. But his mind was compassionately moved towards her. Beauty is always a point in everybody's favour, and the sense of power and protection in himself was pleasant to him. It quite completed, if anything had been wanted to do so, the rehabilitation of Frederick Eastwood in Frederick Eastwood's own eyes. What a change his appearance would make in the position of this deserted young creature, whose melancholy soul no doubt only wanted the touch of his kindness and compassion to rouse it into warmer life! "Poor child," he said to himself almost tenderly, as he went to bed. He would be a brother to her, and to do them justice at home, they would be good to the poor girl. Yet somehow he could not but feel that his own influence, as the first to go to her, would do most for Innocent. The thought diffused a pleasant warmth and revival about his heart.

Pisa is not a cheerful place. It has neither the beauty of situation, nor the brightness of aspect, nor even the larger historical interest which belongs to Florence, its near neighbour and whilom rival. It has fallen out of the race as a town may do as well as an individual. But, on the other hand, it has no keen ice-wind to sweep its streets like those that chill the very blood in your veins in the deep ravines cut through lofty blocks of houses which form the Florentine streets. The equable temperature of Pisa hangs about it like a cloud, stilling the life in it that it may never grow loud enough to disturb the invalids who set up their tents in those old palaces. They have a little society among themselves, gentle, monotonous, and dull, such as befits invalids.

A great many English people are in that subdued winter population, people who are, or are supposed to be, *poitrinaires*, and people in attendance upon these sufferers, and finally, people who go because other people go, without either knowing or caring about the special advantages of the place. An English doctor and his wife, and an English clergyman and his wife, are generally to be found in all such places, and most usually these excellent persons do all they can to reduce the little colony of English, living in the midst of the quaint old foreign town, into the aspect of a village or small country place in England, where everybody talks of everybody, and knows his or her domestic grievances by heart. Mr. Vane, when he came to Pisa to die, had sought the assistance of the doctor, but not of the clergyman; so it was Mrs. Drainham, and not Mrs. St. John, who had taken Innocent in hand when her father died, and had tried to make something of the forlorn girl. Though Frederick of course knew nothing about this, two letters had been despatched but a few days before to Mrs. Eastwood and another relation, adjuring them to come to the help of the young stranger. The doctor had himself written in a business like way to Sir Edward Vane, but Mrs. Drainham had taken Mrs. Eastwood in hand, and had written her what both herself and the doctor felt to be a very touching letter. The author of this affecting composition had been reading it over to some select friends on the very evening on which Frederick arrived in Pisa. Dr. and Mrs. Drainham lived on the first floor of the Casa Piccolomini, on the sunny side of the Arno, in a very imposing apartment, where they often assembled round them a little society "in a very quiet way," for the doctor himself was something of an invalid, and practised in Pisa as much for his own health as for that of his patients. They were people who were generally understood to be well off, an opinion which it is good for everybody, and especially for professional people, to cultivate about themselves. Every Wednesday and Saturday, tea and thin bread and butter, cut exactly as bread and butter is in England, were to be had from eight till eleven in the Drainhams' handsome drawing-room. On the evening in question the English colony at Pisa was very well represented in this modest assembly. There was Mr. and Mrs. St. John, accompanied by a gentle young English curate with pulmonary symptoms, who was staying with

them, and giving the benefit of his services when he felt able for it. There was old Mr. Worsley and his pretty daughters, one of whom was suffering from bronchitis, and the other from *ennui*, the latter the more deadly malady of the two. The healthy portion of the population was rather in the background, and not held in much estimation. Mr. St. John himself, who now weighed nearly sixteen stone, had come to Pisa also with pulmonary symptoms, and was fond of citing himself as an instance of the cures effected by its wonderful equability of temperature. "But a winter in England would kill me still. I could never survive a winter in England," he would say, tapping his ample bosom with his hand, and coughing to show that he had not quite lost the habit. On this particular occasion he uttered these words, which were very frequent on his lips, in order to console and encourage poor little Mrs. O'Carroll, the wife of a gigantic Irishman, who had broken all his bones one after another in riding across country, and who stood gaunt and tall in a corner conversing with the doctor, with red spots upon his high cheekbones, and a hollow circle round his big eyes, which did not promise such a comfortable termination.

"Oh, then, and you'll tell Harry," said the anxious woman, with the mellow tones of her country. "You'll tell him all about it, Mr. Singin, dear, and what you took, and how you lived?"

"There is nothing to tell, my dear lady," said the clergyman. "Pisa air, and a regular life, and taking care never to be out late or early, and nourishing food as much as I could take. But the air is the great thing. There is a serenity and equability in this Italian climate—"

"Ah, then!" cried poor Mrs. O'Carroll, "to get him to take care is all the battle. He never was ill in his life, and he won't allow he's ill, not if I were to preach to him night and day."

The only persons present who had no uncomfortable symptoms were two ladies who sometimes dominated the party, and sometimes were snubbed and cast into the shade, according to the influence which prevailed. These were the two Miss Boldings, ladies in the earlier half of middle-age, one of whom studied Art, while the other studied Italy; women of perfect independence, and perfect robustness, who when Mr. St. John was not there, carried matters with a high hand, and dismissed the question of health as unworthy to occupy the first place in the

conversation. "You think a great deal too much about your lungs," Miss Bolding would say. "Let them alone, and they will come all right. Don't fuss about your health. Pisa is no better than any other place, and no worse. Don't think about it. Occupy yourself with something. Neither I nor Maria ever take the smallest trouble about our healths, and what is the consequence? We have never ailed anything since we had the measles. Don't mind Mr. St. John, that's his hobby. If you'll meet me to-morrow morning in the Campo Santo—unless you are afraid——"

"Oh, no, not at all afraid," said the gentle curate, with a flush of youthful shyness and wounded pride. All these conversations were interrupted by Mrs. Drainham, who called at once to Miss Bolding for her advice, and to Mrs. O'Carroll for sympathy.

"I want you to tell me whether you think I have done right," she said, with much humility. "I am so anxious about poor Miss Vane. I have just written a letter to her aunt, though with much hesitation, for I have not your gift in writing, dear Mrs. St. John. Would you mind just listening to what I have said? If I had your approval I should feel encouraged after having sent it. It is very badly expressed, I am afraid, but it comes from the heart," said Mrs. Drainham, casting an appealing glance round her. She had pretty eyes, and was rather apt to give appealing glances. The audience gave a vague murmur of assent and applause, and Mr. St. John added, in a bold and round voice, his certainty of approval.

"It will be an excellent letter, that I don't doubt for a moment," said the clergyman; and on this encouragement Mrs. Drainham proceeded to read it, her husband standing behind her, feeling his own pulse, with a benevolent and complacent smile. And indeed the letter was more than excellent, it was eloquent. It appealed to the feelings of the distant aunt in the most touching way. It bade her remember the sister with whom no doubt her own childhood had been passed, and oh! to extend her motherly protection over that dear sister's orphan child; and it brought forward many religious, as well as natural, arguments to soften the heart of poor Innocent's nearest relation. In short it was just such a letter as was calculated to bring tears into Mrs. St. John's eyes, and which drove Mrs. Eastwood half frantic with indignation when she read it. "Does this woman think I am

an unnatural wretch to want all this talking to?" poor Mrs. Eastwood asked, half crying with anger and wounded feeling. But the company in the Casa Piccolomini thought it a beautiful letter. They thought the relations must be hardened indeed if they could resist such an appeal as that.

"I am sure the aunt must be a dreadful woman," said Clara Worsley, "or she would have come by this time. Will you take me to see her to-morrow, dear Mrs. Drainham? After that letter everybody ought to take an interest in her——"

"You have expressed all our feelings, my dear," said Mrs. St. John, pressing the hand of the doctor's wife with mingled admiration and envy. "I doubt very much if I could have done it half as well."

"Oh, that from you!" said Mrs. Drainham, with enthusiasm, for Mrs. St. John was literary, and the highest authority on matters of style.

"But I hear the girl is a very odd girl," said Miss Bolding. "Doctor, what did her father die of? Are they wrong in their heads? I knew a Vane once, of a West Country family, who were all very queer. I wonder if they were the same Vanes? Devonshire, I think, or Somersetshire, I am not sure which——"

"They are a Devonshire family," said Dr. Drainham. "And there is nothing wrong about their brains. He died of general break-up, Miss Bolding, a high tempered man who had lived hard. I have met him about Italy in all sorts of places. The poor girl has been oddly brought up, that is all."

"I fear without any sort of religious training, which accounts for a great deal," said Mr. St. John.

"Not without some sort of religion," said Miss Maria Bolding. "She is constantly coming over to the little Church of the Spina, the toy church as my sister calls it. A perfect little gem; I prefer it myself to the Duomo. The girl has good taste, and she is wonderfully pretty. Not the Raphael style perhaps, but just such a face as Leonardo would have given anything for. I called her the Leonardo before I knew who she was."

"Don't you think, my dear, you take rather a superficial view of the matter?" said Mrs. St. John. "Think what a terrible thing to be said of an English girl—that all she knows of religion is to be constantly in the Church of the Spina! It is bad enough for the poor Italians who know no better——"

"You must go and see her, Martha,"

said Mr. St. John, coughing. "I have had a delicacy about it, as her poor father declined to see me. Yes, he declined to see me, poor man," he added, shaking his head mournfully, with a sigh. "I don't like to mention it, but such was the case. I fear he was sadly deficient, sadly deficient——"

"If he is the Vane I suppose him to be," said Mr. Worsley, in a hoarse voice, "he was as great a scamp as I ever met in my life. A man you saw everywhere—well connected, and all that. A fellow that played high, and ruined every man that had anything to do with him. And died poor, of course; all those scapegraces do," said the comfortable invalid, putting his hand instinctively into his pocket.

"But his poor child. Whatever he was, we must not let that detract from our interest in the poor girl," said Mrs. Drainham. "I have tried hard to get her to talk to me, to open her heart and to have confidence in me as a true friend. You would think she did not understand the meaning of the words."

"Have you heard that poor Lady Florence Stockport has arrived, with that delicate boy of hers?" said Mrs. St. John: and then Miss Worsley began to consult with Mrs. Drainham about the music at church, and whether Miss Metcalfe, who played the harmonium, could not be induced to give up in favour of young Mr. Blackburn, who had taken a musical degree at Oxford, and written a cantata, and meant to spend the spring months in Pisa.

"It would make such a difference to our little service," said Miss Worsley; "and don't you think, with all the attractions of the Roman Catholic ritual around us, we ought to do everything we can to improve our services?"

Thus the general tide of the conversation flowed on, and Innocent was remitted back into obscurity.

All this took place on the evening when Frederick Eastwood arrived in Pisa. From his chamber, where he was already asleep, and from the windows of the Casa Piccolomini, might have been seen the faint light in the third-floor windows which marked where the lonely girl was sitting. She was all by herself, and she did not know, as Mrs. Drainham said, what the meaning of the word friend was. But I must turn this page and make a new beginning before I can tell you what manner of lonely soul this poor Innocent was.

From Chambers' Journal.
MUSCULAR STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

It is an interesting study to compare the motive power of birds and insects, and recent experiments prove that they are superior in this respect to quadrupeds, especially when the possibility of aerial navigation is taken into account. In a few minutes the condor will soar many miles in height; the swallow is not weary of describing its rapid and graceful curves for fifteen hours at a time. It has been calculated that the eagle, with its rapid flight, produces an effort sufficient to raise and bear up its own weight equal to twenty-six horse-power.

Insect organization is as full of wonders as that of the bird. The energy which lives in these curious little creatures may well excite the wonder of an observer. "If you compare their loads with the size of their bodies," said Pliny, in speaking of ants, "it must be allowed that no other animal is endowed with such immense strength in proportion." Sir Walter Scott suggests the same idea. When a beetle is placed under a candlestick, it will move it in its efforts to escape; which is relatively the same thing as a prisoner in Newgate shaking the building with his back. Linnaeus remarks that an elephant having the force of a horn-beetle would be able to move a mountain.

M. Félix Plateau, a young Belgian naturalist, and a son of the celebrated physician, has lately tried some very delicate experiments to measure the muscular strength of insects, as others have done with man and the horse. The strength of the last two is estimated by the aid of a machine called a dynamometer, where the tension of a spring is counterbalanced by an effort exercised for a very short time. A man, it is found, has a power of traction equal to five-sixths of his weight; a horse, only the half or two-thirds of his weight; but this is very small in comparison with the strength of insects, many of which can draw forty times that amount.

The way in which M. Plateau has measured these powers is ingenious. He harnessed the insect by a horizontal thread, which was passed over a light, movable pulley; to this was attached a balance loaded with a few grains of sand. To prevent the insect turning aside, he made it walk between two bars of glass on a board covered with muslin, so as to afford a rough surface; exciting it forward, he gradually poured fresh sand into the balance until it refused to advance farther: the sand and the insect were then weighed,

and the experiment was repeated three times, in order to arrive at a correct conclusion as to the greatest effort that each could make. The tables which give the results of these trials seem clearly to demonstrate that in the same group of insects the lightest and smallest possess the greatest strength; or that the relative force is in inverse ratio to the weight. This law applies also to the experiments in flying and pushing, as well as to drawing.

This law, assuredly very curious and interesting in the economy of nature, has been confirmed by trying a dozen individuals of various species in order to obtain results more approaching to the truth. These have been fully successful in confirming previous experience—for example, the drone is four times the weight of the bee, yet it can only drag a weight fifteen times greater than its own; whilst the bee easily draws twenty-three or twenty-four times its own bulk. In flying, it can raise a weight very little inferior to its own; whilst the drone can only transport in this manner half its own weight. The law in question appears also to apply not only to the species which belong to the same entomological subdivision, but in a certain measure to the entire class of insects. It is true that if the species examined are arranged by the increasing order of their weight, the corresponding relations which express their relative force are not always exactly progressive. There are exceptions, which may be explained by the difference of structure. The law holds good if they are divided into three groups, comprising, respectively, the lightest insects, those of a middle size, and the heaviest. In this way the relative force is represented for the first group by twenty-six; for the second, by nineteen; for the last, by nine. This relates only to the power of traction; if that in flying be taken into consideration, the lightest can far surpass the heaviest; the first being equal to one and one-third; the last is but one-half. The strongest insects appear to be those so familiar to the naturalist, which live on lilies and roses, such as the *Crioceræ* and *Trichies*. These little beings can draw a weight about forty times superior to their own, and one, an athlete of the tribe, drew sixty-seven times its own weight. A small beetle of the tribe *anomale* has executed the same feat. Another more remarkable fact is related of a horn-beetle, which held between its mandibles, alternately raising and lowering its head and

breast, a rod of thirty centimetres long, weighing four hundred grammes; its own weight was but two grammes. At the side of this insect, what are the acrobats who can carry a table between their teeth! Such examples shew to what an extent insects are superior to the larger animals in the strength of their muscles. Dry and nervous, they can, in proportion to themselves, move mountains. In addition to this, they are ingenious; when an obstacle does not yield to them, they know how to turn it aside. One day, in a garden, a small wasp was trying to raise a caterpillar, which it had just killed. The caterpillar was at least five or six times heavier than its conqueror, which could not gain its end. Six times successively, weary of the war, and despairing of success, it abandoned its prey, and sadly placed itself at some distance. At last a bright idea saved it from its embarrassment: it returned, placed itself across the caterpillar, as if on horseback; with its two middle feet it embraced the body of its victim, raised it against its breast, and managed to walk on the four feet which were at liberty; thus it soon crossed a walk of six feet wide, and laid its prey against a wall.

Investigations have been made regarding the jumping insects of the order Orthoptera—the weight which crickets and grasshoppers can raise when jumping. To prevent them using their wings, M. Plateau tied them and the elytra or outer sheaths with a thread. The burden was a ball of wax ballasted with morsels of lead, which was hung to a thread tied round the thorax; as much lead was added to the wax until the insect could only raise itself an inch from the ground. The ball and the insect were afterwards weighed, the latter having been made insensible by the fumes of ether. Crickets of the larger kind raised about one and a half their own weight; the smaller ones, three or four times their weight. The grasshopper differs from the cricket in having longer and thinner legs; the green variety weighing about two and a half grammes, can only raise a weight equal to its own, confirming the law, that the muscular force of insects increases as their size diminishes. When allowed to jump freely, crickets describe a curve in the air similar to all projectiles. It is curious that the amplitude of the spring is the same for the large and smaller kinds alike. This result was foreseen by the celebrated naturalist, Strauss-Durckheim. In his work on *The Com-*

parative Anatomy of Articulated Animals, he establishes the point, that two animals of similar form, but of different dimensions, will jump the same height above the point where lies their centre of gravity at the moment when they quit the soil. He takes as an example the cat and the tiger, and adds that the same conclusion is applicable to crickets and grasshoppers. The principle which serves as a basis for this theory is, that the motive-power of animals increases with the section, and not with the volume of the muscles. It depends only on the number of fibres of which the muscles are composed; from whence it follows that it ought to be in proportion to the surface of the section of these organs, whilst the weight of the animal is proportional to their volume. The weight augments more rapidly than the motive-power, and the relation between this weight and this force becomes the more unfavourable as the animal is larger. Other naturalists who agree to this as a whole do not consider it to be an absolute or general law.

Among the insects that dig or burrow in the ground, a different plan was tried to see their power of pushing forwards. They were placed in a card-board tube, which had been blackened and made rough for the feet; at one end, a transparent plate of glass was fixed to a horizontal lever. Perceiving the light before it through the plate which barred its exit, the insect when excited pushes with all its strength; the plate gives way, the lever turns, and raises at its other extremity the balance, which is attached by a pulley, and into which the sand is poured as before. In this way the oryctes, weighing about forty-six grains, pushed three or four times its own weight, whilst the little onthophagus moved eighty or ninety times that amount.

The experiments in the way of flying lead to the conclusion that insects employ much less muscular force in that way than in drawing or pushing; perhaps it is that, unlike birds, they are not intended to carry large weights through the air. A ball of soft wax of a weight little superior to what the insect might be expected to bear, was fastened round its body, and it was tried as to whether it could support this in the air: if it fell, the size was diminished. Among various insects belonging to the five orders of Coleoptera (beetles), it was found that they could raise from one-sixth to double

their own weight; the common fly could manage triple that amount. Yet the flight of insects is so rapid that some can distance the swallows that pursue them, and certain kinds of flies are said to be able to pass a racehorse or a locomotive going at full speed.

If we inquire why the smaller species are the stronger, the answer may be, that their way of life necessitates it. Thus, the hardness of the soil is the same to all the burrowers; the grains of sand which the larger can easily displace are rocks to the smaller ones; and comparing them with animals, the mole and the rabbit require much less strength to force a passage than the ant. The prodigious leaps of the cricket, the locust, and the grasshopper, would in the same proportion make a lion spring over half a mile. Not less surprising is the power of destruction in certain classes: the termites have undermined whole towns which are now suspended over catacombs; such is the case with Valencia in New Granada; La Rochelle is menaced by the same fate. The larvæ of the sirex pierce through balls of lead with their mandibles. During the Crimean War, packets of cartouches were found, the conical balls of which were perforated in various parts. The little African ant can raise mounds of clay five yards high, and of such solidity that the wild-cattle stand on them to explore the horizon. Such edifices are thousands of times larger than their architects, whilst the pyramid of Cheops is but ninety times the height of man.

Another subject which has engaged the attention of naturalists of late is the strict relation which exists between the habits, manners, and mode of life in insects, with the conformation of their organs. Mr. Darwin has acknowledged the organic adaptation of species to the condition of existence; but he thinks that, owing to their want of exercise on one side, and natural selection on the other, these organs may undergo deep and hereditary modifications. Thus he explains the want of wings in many coleopterous insects which inhabit the island of Madeira; they lose the habit of flying, because, if they used it, the wind would carry them away into the sea, and the race would soon disappear: thus, winged insects made for flight, can transform themselves, in time, into walkers or swimmers.

If we consider the locomotive organs of insects, it is easy to see that broad members which can be converted into

oars belong to swimmers; when they are short and indented, they are to be used like shovels and pickaxes by the burrowing tribes. Though the mouths of insects are formed with the same number of appliances, yet they are adapted to the conditions of each species. By examining one or two parts of the mouth of a larva, a naturalist can discover the food it lives upon, and the way in which it partakes of it. Thus, if two caterpillars of different kinds live on the same plant, one may attack the leaves from the edge, the other will perhaps eat the flower-bud; these habits are recognized by indubitable signs when the lips and mandibles are examined. By similar means, the inspection of the foot will decide whether the insect walks on leaves, or climbs up the stem of the shrub it has chosen for its home. There are some insects which lead an idle life, whilst others have one of work and fighting; they are each armed with the necessary appliances for their particular destiny, some having at their extremities nippers, pincers, a saw, an auger, or even a poisoned sword. Looking at the class of spiders, what an arsenal of work and war they possess: the mandibles are scissors, grindstones, lancets; the jaws are trunks and suckers, the lower lip is often a spinning-plate. Their locomotive organs adapt themselves to a number of uses—spades, picks, oars, sometimes ending in rakes, forks, spindles, brushes, and baskets; and all these instruments are of far more delicate conformation than the clumsy tools of man's making. Those kinds that spin, weave an infinite variety of webs; some are closely spun like stuffs, others are nets or simple threads thrown by chance. Here the claws play a principal part; they resemble combs or cards among those which produce the close tissue, and forks in those which weave with a wider mesh.

The eyes of insects, often of enormous dimensions, are of strange optical structure, and marvellously fulfil their varied uses. Those which hunt for their prey have them raised on such an eminence that they can look all around them and see their booty from afar. The one which is always in a hiding-place has its eyes widely disseminated; if its lair be in a tube, they are arranged in front, and the number is diminished; the eyes at the back have disappeared. In others, the position and conformation of the respiratory organs reveal the way of life to which they are accustomed. Fifty years ago

Cuvier said: "Give me a bone, and I will reconstruct the animal in its entirety." Such science may also be applied to insects.

These complex and perfect arrangements astonish us the more because they are in bodies of the smallest dimensions; we naturally think that the organization must be very simple, the intelligence of the lowest type. The dimensions of the whale, or the immense reptiles of the early geological periods, excite our interest; but the attention is not so powerfully attracted by the admirable structure of the fly, and yet the humblest beings furnish precious teachings to the philosopher. It can scarcely be denied that in relation to their intelligence, some of them are superior to the larger animals. They shew a highly developed sense of perception, instincts of wonderful finesse, extraordinary aptitude for all kinds of work; but there is even something more undeniable, marks of higher faculties. These are visible when, in the course of their work, an accident occurs, or an unforeseen obstacle arises: they overcome them and guard against the danger that might arise. At other times, an idle bird profits by the chance which places an old nest in its way, making it habitable by a few easy repairs. So the smaller insects, not acting as simple machines, make choice between a bad and good situation, conceive the idea of sparing their work when they can arrive at the required end without it, and become idle, when they were created for labour. Can we call this instinct only?

From The Liberal Review.
DECAYING FRIENDSHIPS.

ATTEMPTS are frequently made on the part of people to constitute everlasting friendships which shall be signalized by complete confidence upon both sides. Young ladies, on the point of leaving school, are peculiarly subject to this sort of thing, and many are the vows they exchange of undying affection for each other. When separated they maintain their friendship through the medium of the penny post, and great is the expenditure of ink and paper. Their letters, which are generally crossed upon three or four pages, and are thereby rendered almost undecipherable, are full of italicized words and expressive adjectives. Anything that has happened to a correspondent is

straightway committed to paper, as is also something that may have occurred to any one with whom the correspondent is acquainted. Bonnets, young men, and novels, are criticised in an equally impartial and incisive manner, and a good deal of space is devoted to those who are married, those who are going to be married, and those who, if they are not about to do any such thing, ought to be. Full confession is made of the sentiments with which the correspondent regards her acquaintances male and female, and matrimony is frequently discussed in a most original fashion. It is taken for granted that the matter contained in these epistles is what has been confided to no other living soul, and that, therefore, it is only intended to meet the eye of one person. Indeed, the notes are presumed to be the outward expression of the writer's innermost thoughts, and are to be valued accordingly. The letters are frequently written at intervals which, considering their length, speaks very well for the industry of the writers. When not forced to resort to letter-writing as a means of sustaining their friendship, the young ladies ostentatiously seek each other's society, which, they show by unmistakable signs, they value more than the company of any one else. They like to hold themselves aloof from their fellows, to take solitary walks together, and to make each other innumerable presents. But, as might be anticipated, the thing does not last, and there are very few such friendships among women who have passed their twenty-fifth year. Marriage is the first break, and an irreparable one it is. The attempt may be made to keep up the sentimental friendship, and for a time it may succeed, but the appearance is deceptive, and ultimately the attempt breaks down; gradually the intimacy grows less intimate, the confidences fewer and of comparatively minor importance. This, perhaps, may be owing to the fact that the wife makes a confidant of her husband, in which case she of course does not require to make one of a friend, for though it is almost a necessity for some people to find a ready ear into which to pour the story of their hopes, their fears, their disappointments, their plans, and their proceedings, they do not feel the want of more than one such receptacle. In plain terms, every ordinary individual must have a confidant, but very few, indeed, require to have two. So, with marriage comes the first break in a friendship such as that which we have described.

By-and-by, the separation between the quondam friends becomes more marked, and it is by no means a rare case for them in time to almost completely forget each other. Looking back upon their lives, most women must remember some bosom friend whom they now know not at all, or knowing them, are merely upon bowing terms. Young men, never so earnest in their friendships, are almost as fickle. Drawn together, in the first instance, probably by a fondness for the same sports, the same studies, and the same modes of life generally, they quietly drop asunder as their tastes and ways of existing change. Sometimes they quarrel. But, whatever may be the cause or causes of their separation, it is a fact that comparatively few friendships contracted in early life continue true to the last. It may be said, indeed, that it is the exception rather than the rule for them to do so. And yet, if a man does not make friends when he is young, the probability is that he will never do so, for, after he is well up in years, circumstances arise which render the task more difficult.

The friendships formed by people after they have passed their thirtieth year are by no means so sentimental, so ostentatiously thorough, as those contracted when people are younger. Middle-aged men make little, if any attempt, at being confidential towards each other. Their converse instead of being of a personal character is principally upon politics, theology, and business, seasoned by a certain amount of gossip. Matured women on the other hand, are more confidential, but they are not so demonstrative and gushing as girls just out of their teens. They do not make protestations of eternal affection. Still, they tell as much as they know and learn as much as they can about their neighbours and their affairs, and discuss matrimony and dress in a manner which shows how much they relish doing so. Properly prompted, they will, too, enlarge upon their own affairs. Into sympathetic ears they will pour the story of how their first-born, as fine a youth as ever lived, is developing certain characteristics calculated to cause his guardians serious inconvenience; how

their husband is one of the most extraordinary men in existence and possesses the rare virtue of entertaining due affection and respect for his wife; and other similar matters of an equally important and interesting character. But these elderly friends make no pretence of being bound up in one another; they steer clear of lengthy correspondence; and they do not mourn—that is to say, beyond indulging in a few hackneyed conventionalities—when they fail to see each other except at rare intervals. Having their own families and interests to look after, they virtually concede that they have no time for elaborate friendships. This is, of course, when they are married. When they are single, the case is slightly different, and it not unfrequently happens that spinsters knock-up a species of lasting friendship. They go nowhere except in each other's company, and they co-operate in each other's schemes, whether it be one for the founding of a blanket club or one for the advancement of the principles of the Women's Rights Association. They, perhaps, say hard things of each other, they, probably, repeat these matters, with sundry elaborations, behind each other's backs, but they never regularly quarrel. If Miss A is maligned, Miss B is quick to resent the affront, and let Miss A know what has been said of her, which last act is, however, a somewhat questionable kindness. The two keep together, and that is the main thing. It is a small matter that their motives for so doing are found, when fairly analyzed, not to be purely disinterested, but that they cultivate each other's society for the want of better, and because it is among the necessities of their nature that they should have some willing ear to pour scandal into, and some ready tongue to amuse them in like manner.

There is, then, very little really genuine friendship. The present constitution of society is unfavourable to its growth. When everything is artificial, and everything is conducted upon the high pressure principle, it is impossible for it to flourish. We may regret this, but the best thing is at once to admit the truth.

M^DME. Andryane, whose death was recorded by the Paris papers lately, was the sister-in-law of Andryane, well-known as the companion of Silvio Pellico, and it was to her intercession that he owed his liberation from the Austrian

prisons. M^dme. Andryane and her sister, M^dme. Baudin, were daughters of Merlin of Douai, who was a member of the Convention and a colleague with Barras in the Directory.

Pall Mall.